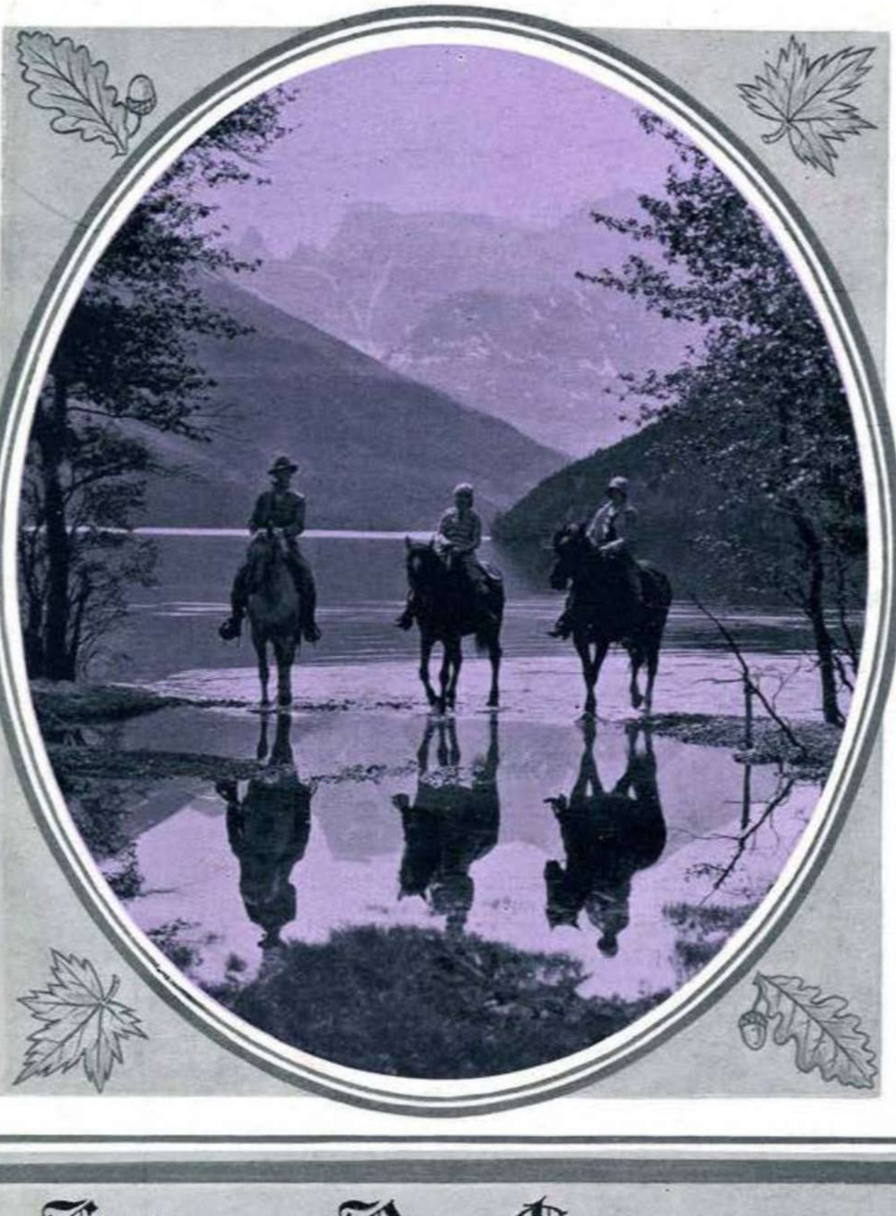
The Beaver

No. 2 OUTFIT 263 SEPT. 1932



Hudson's Bay Company

INCORPORATED 2ND MAY 1670

The Governor
and Company of Adventurers of England
trading into Hudson's Bay

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DEPUTY GOVERNOR

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Hudson's Bay Company.

INCORPORATED 2nd MAY 1670.

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The H B C Packet

THE Governor of the Company, Mr. P. Ashley Cooper, left London, England, last June aboard the *Alcantara* on an extended trip to South America. In the early fall, on the conclusion of this journey, Mr. Cooper expects to visit Canada on the Company's business. With the pleasant memory of his 1931 visit still fresh, a hearty welcome awaits the Governor from the Canadian staff.

* * * * *

During the month of August we had the pleasure of a visit from Captain V. A. Cazalet, M.C., M.P., a member of our London Committee.

Captain Cazalet spent several days in Winnipeg before continuing westward, where he visited the Company's larger stores and other branches.

He is the Conservative member in the British House of Commons for the Chippenham constituency of Wiltshire, and is parliamentary secretary to the Rt. Hon. J. H. Thomas, Secretary of State for the Dominions. Captain Cazalet attended the Imperial Conference at Ottawa.

He has had an active and interesting career, as a soldier, an athlete, and a politician, and has travelled extensively, in many cases off the beaten track.

During the Great War he served with the West Kent Yeomanry, 1st Life Guards, and subsequently the Household Battalion. He was on the staff of the Supreme War Council at Versailles, and later on the staff of General Knox in Siberia. Captain Cazalet was the first Englishman to write details of the murder of the Czar of Russia and his family, having investigated the matter first-hand at Ekaterinburg.

As an athlete, Captain Cazalet is a triple blue of Oxford—tennis, lawn tennis, and squash racquets. He has been amateur squash racquet champion of England on no less than four occasions, and was champion of Canada in 1925 whilst on a visit to this country. He is a first class lawn tennis player, which is borne out by leading enthusiasts in Winnipeg with whom he played several games during his recent visit.

* * * * *

We are glad to welcome Mr. F. A. Stacpole, our London manager, who is with us again. It is a far cry from South Africa, where Mr. Stacpole was born, to Canada. He received his education in England at New College, Oxford, and served in the Great War from its commencement. As an officer in the East Yorkshire regiment he was severely wounded in 1915. His professional training was obtained with two leading firms of chartered accountants in England.

We hope Mr. Stacpole's visit, although necessarily a busy one, will afford him some pleasure.

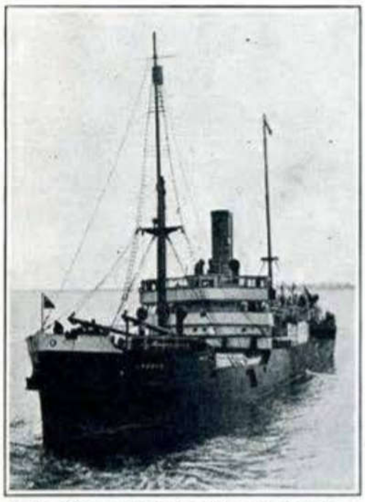
* * * * *

Mr. R. J. Gourley, who has been a member of the Canadian Committee of our Company since March, 1928, was elected a director of the Board of the Dominion Bank at the meeting held by the directors in Toronto in August. Mr. Gourley has been general manager of the Beaver Lumber Company Limited for twenty-five years. He is also a director of the following corporations: Monarch

Life Assurance Co., Northern Trusts Co. Limited, Manitoba Bridge & Iron Works Limited, North Star Oil Limited, and the Home Investment and Savings Association.

* * * * *

An event of great interest in shipping circles in Montreal is the annual sailing of the Hudson's Bay Company supply ship bound for trading posts in Hudson Strait, Hudson Bay and Davis Strait.



S.S. Ungava Leaving Montreal July 9 1932
Photo by Archdeacon A. L. Fleming

On July 9 the Company's S.S. *Ungava* left Montreal, with Captain Thomas F. Smellie in command. The *Ungava* is a trim screw steamer of close to three thousand tons capacity. She sailed with the usual miscellaneous cargo and a full complement of passengers, and this year flew the Royal Mail flag, for she carried the supplies and personnel of the Department of Interior and the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, in former years conveyed on the steamer chartered by the Department of Interior, the S.S. *Boethic*, which, for reasons of economy, did not make the voyage this year.

Major D. L. McKeand and Inspector R. V. Sandys-Wunsch, representing the Department of Interior and the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, are making the round trip on the *Ungava*.

* * * * *

Victoria Land's first white baby was born just recently. A glance at the far northern area of the map of Canada will convey an idea how far north Victoria Land really is. T. M. Mackinnon, the Company's post manager at Cambridge Bay, thus records the happening in a letter to *The Beaver:*

"On February 23, Cambridge Bay was thrilled over the birth of a baby girl to Mr. and Mrs. E. Pasby. Mr. Pasby is manager of the Canalaska Trading Company post here. This is the first baby of white parents to be born in Victoria Land. The present difficulty is finding a name for the baby, and we are all there with suggestions. Through a process of elimination, the name now stands at June Victoria Pasby, but the important question has not been definitely settled at time of writing."

One hundred years hence this will be an important item of history so far as Victoria Land is concerned.

* * * * *

A brief paragraph appeared in The H B C Packet, December 1931 issue, of the journey made by Wm. Gibson, H B C manager at Baillie Island post, Western Arctic district, in search of the remains of certain members of the ill-fated Franklin Expedition of 1845-48. These remains had been reported as having been seen by Eskimos, and Mr. Gibson, accompanied by Wm. Skinner, also in the service, was successful in locating same, making proper interment and marking the places with temporary cairns. A full account of the journey and their discoveries, from the pen of Mr. Gibson, appeared in the May issue of *The Geographical Journal,* the official organ of the Royal Geographical

Society, entitled "Some Further Traces of the Franklin Retreat," and has created widespread interest.

* * * * *

Two familiar landmarks of the city of Kamloops, B.C., were destroyed almost simultaneously on the night of May 18, when the old opera house and the old Hudson's Bay store were demolished by fire. The opera house dated back to 1897 and the Company's old store to 1895. Commenting on the store, the Kamloops *Sentinel* states: "The old Hudson's Bay store also had its memories and vicissitudes. It was the between-times headquarters of the Bay. Built before the opera house, it marked the coming eastward of the Bay, leaving as it did the old town and marking in a manner the march of the city in an opposite direction. For years it did duty as a small town store of the distinguished Company, and then the Hudson's Bay Company took advantage of the present premises, erected on Victoria Street and Second Avenue by Ramsay & Philip, which they altered and moved into in 1907."

* * * * *

The "At Home" or "Open House" idea is one that caught on wonderfully at our various stores. The public was invited on a given evening to go leisurely through the various departments of the store, each of which vied with the other in presenting attractions and displays for the entertainment and interest of our guests. There was no selling, and the whole presentation was in the nature of a store exhibition or fair, with entertainment and a carnival spirit paramount.

Our first open house was held at Saskatoon store, when 12,000 people attended. Calgary had an attendance of 15,000; Winnipeg, 40,000; and on May 31, Vancouver created a record with 48,000 people passing through the doors to "peep behind the scenes" of a modern departmental store.

Vancouver store writes us: "Looking backward and estimating the value of "Open House," we are certain we made many new friends that night. We wish to compliment the originator of the idea in having put forward a distinctly unusual and striking institutional promotion."

* * *

I would compromise war. I would compromise glory. I would compromise everything at that point where hate comes in, where misery comes in, where love ceases to be love, and life begins its descent into the valley of the shadow of death. But I would not compromise Truth. I would not compromise right.—*Henry Watterson.*

The man who lacks faith in other men loses his best chances to work and gradually undermines his own power and his own character. We do not realize to what extent others judge us by our beliefs. But we are in fact judged in that way; and it is right that we should be judged in that way. The man who is cynical, whether about women or business or politics, is assumed to be immoral in his relations to women or business or politics. The man who has faith in the integrity of others in the face of irresponsible accusations is assumed to have the confidence in other's goodness because he is a good man himself.—*President Hadley.*

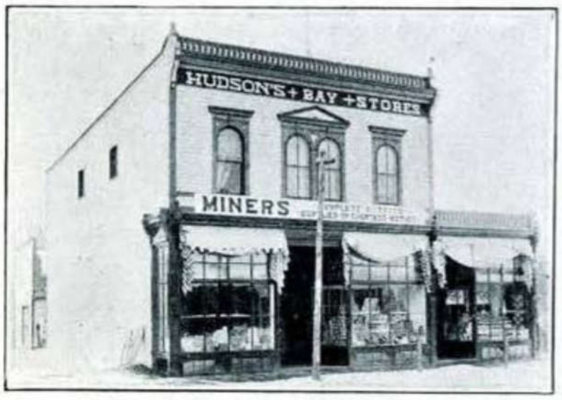
HBC and Edmonton

By D. V. HICKS
Edmonton

THE history of Edmonton is of great interest, and of course is bound up in the history of the Hudson's Bay Company. From an outpost established in 1795 to a village of 1292 people in 1895, and then to a city of 78,829 people occupying 16,470 homes in 1931, is the proud distinction of Edmonton, the Capital City of Alberta.

Edmonton took its name from Edmonton House, for so it was known in pioneer days, built twenty miles farther down the North Saskatchewan river by George Sutherland for the Hudson's Bay Company in the year 1795. A cairn marks the spot where the original fort stood, two miles east of the bridge entering the present Fort Saskatchewan. It took its name from Edmonton, near London, England, immortalized in Cowper's "John Gilpin's Ride to York." "For you shall dine at Edmonton and I shall dine at Ware." It was thus that John Gilpin, that "gentleman of credit and renown," gasped as he made his famous ride to York. The factor of the Hudson's Bay fort was George Sutherland, and his assistant one John Pruden. Pruden's home was at Edmonton, Middlesex, England, and no doubt it was on account of this that the then new fort was called Edmonton. The poet Cowper lived at Edmonton, England, and there wrote his famous poem. It is a far cry from Edmonton, Middlesex, to Edmonton, Alberta, yet, sentimentally, not so far after all.

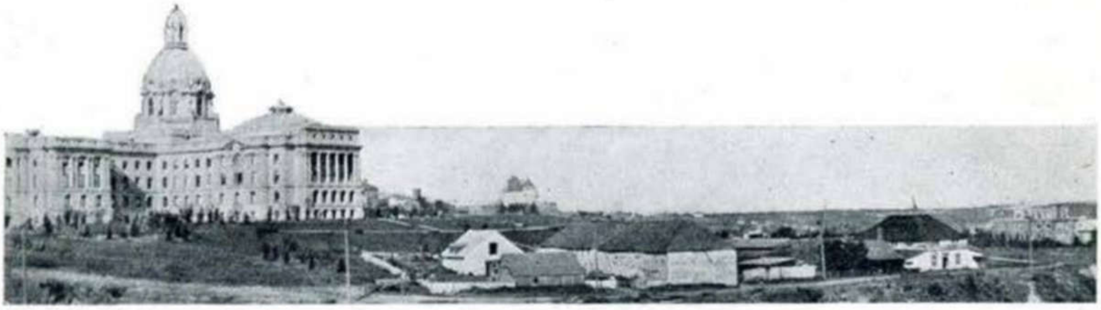
The original fort was destroyed by Indians in 1807, and a new fort of the same name was built in 1808 on the north slope of the high banks of the Saskatchewan within the limits of the present city of Edmonton, near where the parliament buildings now stand. From Fort Edmonton a brigade of boats made the trip to York Factory once a year, requiring about four and a half months to make the trip. In those days Fort Edmonton was a dangerous spot, the Blackfeet and the Crees being continually at war and so belligerent that the Hudson's Bay Company and the North-West Traders were compelled to build their forts so that the palisades adjoined, with gates between, to provide ready communication and mutual protection.



HBC Old Store in 1902 on Site of Present Store at Corner of 103rd and Jasper

After the Hudson's Bay Company amalgamated with the North-West Company in 1821, the first chief factor was James Bird. John Rowand succeeded Bird in 1825 and erected what became famous as "The Big House" within the stockade.

Edmonton played an important part in the history of Western Canada, and during the Riel Rebellion of 1885 was a rendezvous of the white settlers scattered throughout Nor-

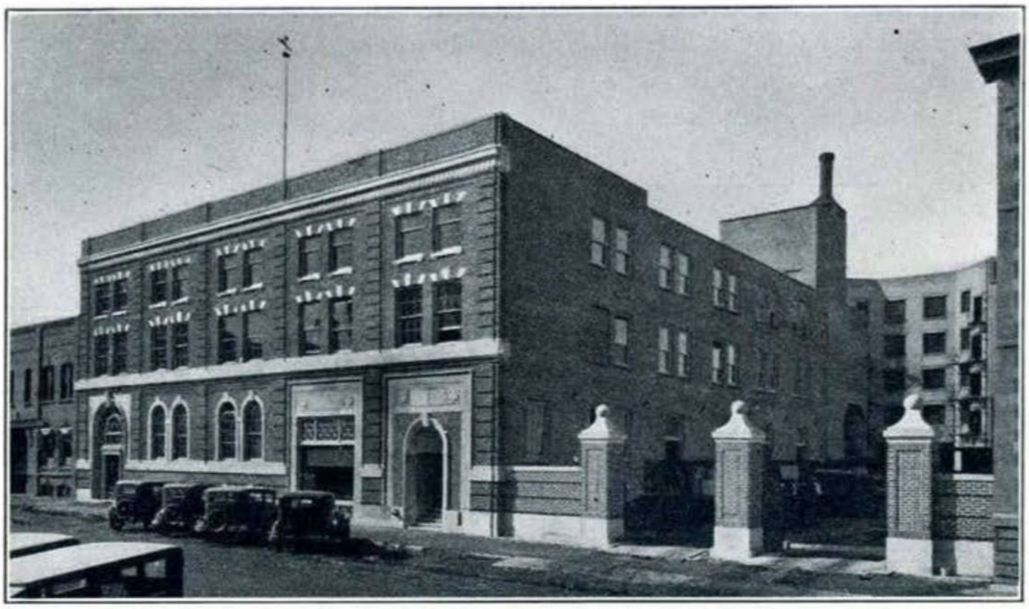


Old Fort Edmonton in Foreground, Alberta Parliament Buildings and Macdonald Hotel in Distance

thern Alberta. The name "Fort" fell into disuse when the government post office came in 1877. The chief factors who represented the Hudson's Bay Company in Edmonton, besides those already mentioned, were John Swanson, Williamson Clare, Richard Hardisty and William Livock, who was the last of the chief factors at Edmonton from 1890 to 1912. The old wooden fort, with its deep historical associations, became the property of the provincial government when the land for the new parliament buildings was purchased, and it was completely dismantled in 1915.

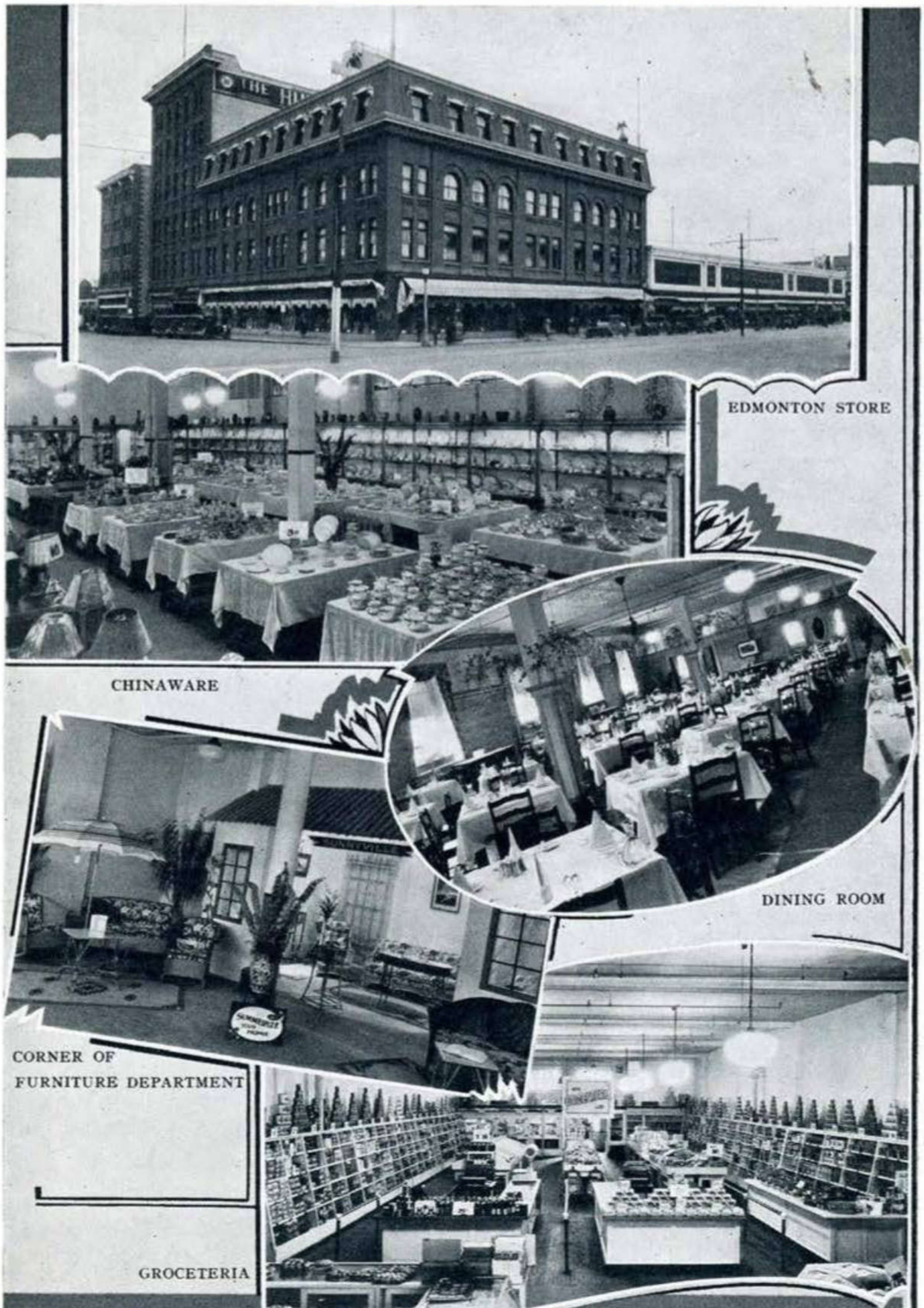
The first retail store on the present site was built in 1890 and taken down to make way for the present store, which was built in 1905. Considerable additions have been added to accommodate the growing business from time to time. The present store is serving the public with a full block frontage on Jasper avenue, between 102nd and 103rd streets, occupying 293 feet on Jasper avenue, 220 feet on 103rd street and 79 feet on 102nd street, with 522 feet of window display.

The photographs in this issue give a fair idea of the store's outside appearance and we are proud to be able to use with all sincerity our present radio slogan, "Edmonton grew up around the big friendly store."



Hudson's Bay Company Edmonton Warehouse, Fur Trade District Office, Fur Trade Depot and Land Department District Office

HBC Edmonton Store



EDMONTON STORE

CHINAWARE

DINING ROOM

CORNER OF FURNITURE DEPARTMENT

GROCETERIA

Old, Old McF—

By CAPTAIN THIERRY MALLET

Revillon Freres

THERE was old, old McF—. He was a Scotsman from somewhere near the Hebrides. He crossed the Atlantic in the late forties and went north at once as a clerk for a trading company. From then on he remained north until he was nearly seventy.

From east to west, through the prairies when they were wild, through the eternal spruce forest, through the unexplored Rockies, through the Barren Lands, in all directions, he roamed for fifty years.

Fur trader, trapper, guide, prospector, he wrestled his living out of the wilderness and was happy. He never married. He never had a home. He became part of the country. His only thoughts were for the North.

Then, one day, all of a sudden, old age struck him. Not too badly. Still, he discovered that he was unable to work. His arms refused to lift an axe, shoulder a rifle, handle a paddle. His eyesight was dim and his legs very weak.

Heartbroken, he made his way south at last, and reached the little frontier town of T—. Everybody knew him there. He was welcomed home. Several of the leading citizens took him in, gave him a little shop with a lean-to to sleep in and saw to it that he had food, warm clothes and tobacco.

From then on, old McF— became the local character of the town. He still refused to sleep in a bed and each night rolled himself in his blankets on the hard floor. No white woman could enter his shack, as he called it. He had an old squaw, from the nearby reservation, come in each day and do his simple chores. He used to talk to her by the hour, and force her to cook his meals on a camp fire outside, in the street. He always had a rifle hanging on the wall and an axe resting against the corner of the door.

During the day, he attended to his customers, the few who came in to buy his traps, knives and cooking utensils, but he really took no interest in the matter. He always wanted the sale to be over, so he could start spinning yarns about past days in the North.

At night the men in town took the habit of dropping in on him and playing poker in his back room. He never joined the game, but he watched, listened, smoked and talked, while he kept his hands on the kitty.

The more the years went by, the more homesick he grew to go back to what he called "over there in the North."

The little town was on the 53°. It was the end of the railway. From October to April, it was buried under ice and snow. The spruce forest was only a few hundred yards away. Indians would walk in to trade their furs. Dog sleighs passed daily through the one street. In summer, the river was there everlastingly flowing from the North, with its floating logs and its freight canoes. Still the old man was pining for something else.

Sometimes in the early spring he would walk half a mile or so on the river bank and try to shoot ducks as they migrated from the South.

In summer, he would now and then troll for jackfish. While in the fall, he managed to kill a few prairie chickens close by with his old muzzle loader.

But his eyes were bad. His aching limbs made him suffer at each step he took. And his heart was not in it.

He was fretting, for he was living in the past. And we all knew it.

After he had been in town ten years, one day in June he asked one of his friends if it would be possible for him to go three hundred miles north to pass the summer. There was an Indian village there and he knew all the natives well.

It happened that a string of canoes loaded with supplies was going up there. The men took him with them readily. He sat in a canoe all day, watching the banks of the river as they went by. When they came to a portage, he walked across slowly, if the distance was not too great. Otherwise an Indian carried him on his shoulders.

Once in the Indian village, comfortably settled in his own little teepee, fed and looked after by the squaws, he seemed to regain part of his strength. He was happy.

Then, suddenly, he disappeared. Nobody missed him at first. Indians are careless. But when night came a search was made. He couldn't be found. The next morning, an Indian discovered that his little hunting canoe was gone.

The searching then became frantic. For two days, the Indians cruised in the neighbourhood. Finally, they hunted for him farther and farther away. The third day they found him.

McF— had reached a place he knew on a lake, forty-five miles to the north. There was a hill there, close to the water's edge, a bare hill, on the top of which stood an old, old weather-scarred jack pine.

The old man had climbed the hill, leaving his canoe in full view on the bank. He had taken with him a spade found in the Indian camp.

When he had reached the jack pine he knew so well, painfully, patiently, he had started digging. It must have taken him hours and hours, although the soil was sand. Little by little, the hole had taken shape.

It was a grave, the old, old man's grave, and it faced the lake and the northwest beyond.

When the Indians reached him, his task was finished; but he was at the very end of the trail. He was dying. He could not speak, although he was conscious. He could smile a little bit. And once, just once, he pointed weakly to himself, then to the grave.

The Indians knelt around him and stroked his white beard. They understood the love which that white man had for their own land and they loved him for it.

In a little while he passed away peacefully, just as the setting sun kissed the black tree tops on the other side of the lake. And they laid him to rest in the grave he had dug.

A little later, they piled heavy rocks over the earth so the wild animals could not reach him. Finally they put up a plain wooden cross bearing his name.

The last time I passed, two years ago, the old, old jack pine was still there, standing watch over the lonely grave.

A Glimpse of Two Cities

By ROBERT WATSON

GLASGOW—"dull, sea-girt city of the North!" Glasgow, with its crowded million and a half of bustling inhabitants, its memory haunting Jamaica Bridge, and the Broomielaw where the cluthas, or "penny puffers," used to ply, but are now no more! Glasgow, with its narrow, thronging Argyle Street; the Trongate with its second-hand curio shops and ready-made clothing stores, to say nothing of its familiar odours; the fashionable Buchanan Street; the gay and giddy Rue de Sauchiehall; even the Cowcaddens which has lost much of its depressing fascination, and out to the beautiful Kelvingrove Park; the aged and gray university, the Botanic Gardens, the old cathedral, and the canal at Port Dundas; to the south, to that paradise of soap-box oratory, the Glasgow Green!

Ah, Glasgow of sombre, sooty ghosts and deepening shadows of the yester years! Glasgow of glories all her own, of Bailie Nicol Jarvies and Lord Kelvins, of Thomas Campbells, Adam Smiths and Neil Munros; Glasgow of antiquity, of blood and fire, religious fervour and bigotry! Glasgow of solemn gaiety, of modernity too, of accomplishment, of tram cars and buses, football and fair holidays; of Boyne Water and St. Patrick's Day in the morning; Dobbies Loan and Dennistoun; its douce civic pride; shipping docks and smug suburbia with its evening paper, its front lawns, little back gardens and its bowling greens! There is only one Glasgow — it is unmatchable.

Jamaica Bridge
Glasgow

George Square and Municipal Buildings, Glasgow

"The Call, 1914"

Edinburgh—How we reluctantly hurried, taking at a plunge what we'd have loved to linger over. The Castle again, after seven years' absence; its ever to be recalled memorial to our gallant dead countrymen; Mons Meg, the dogs' cemetery! But what need to repeat—you too have been there. But maybe you never saw that great and arresting figure of a Highland laddie, "The Call of 1914," the gift of American Scots, set on Princes Street Gardens, looking up to the Castle heights, and higher up still, to his God. Go back to Scotland, gaze into that living face cast in bronze, and renew your faith! You will return to the common everyday inspired.

Holyrood? Of course. For Edinburgh without Holyrood would be like Edinburgh without the castle. We looked at the portraits in Scotland's royal and ancient "rogues gallery." They really weren't all rogues, but most of them looked the part. Queen Mary's bedroom, and the little staircase leading down to someone else's, intrigued us afresh. In our mind, we re-enacted the death of Mary's minstrel lover, Rizzio; and, later, that of Darnley. Queens and men weren't permitted to love without paying the price in those days. Coming away, we had time to peep at those clustering dwellings adjacent to the palace, age-incrusted, cramped, dismal, with slits for windows, with dark and narrow pends, closes and alleys, with stone stairways, twisting and turning, leading to what some still call "Home," from behind whose drab window screens, tiny, curious, pale faces watched the seethe and scurry of the traffic in the street below.

We sat on the balcony of Ritchie's tea rooms on Princes Street as the sun was going down and the shadows were creeping over Arthur's Seat and the Castle, and we cast our eyes along the serrated horizon as the mists began to gather—St. Giles, Scott's monument in the foreground, and away over there against the sky, towers, minarets, steeples and columns, some hoary with age but still majestic, some tottering in ruins yet beautiful in their decrepitude—Holyrood, Calton Hill!

In that sweeping glance is contained in symbol the glory of all that is Scotland. The friendly spirits of dead men, of great men, of stern, determined men, of sweet, alluring women too, pervade the very atmosphere of Edinburgh. Clanking swords and scurrying crinolines; intrigue and decorum! Dignity, beauty, culture—Edinburgh is what other ancient cities aspire to but cannot reach.

Princes Street, Edinburgh

It Is Easier to Make Than to Sell

By CALLISTHENES

TO some who read them for the first time the words which we have put at the top of this column will appear controversial; but the truth of them has long been recognized by commerce and industry, and they are becoming more true every day.

The proportion varies from industry to industry, but, on the average, the goods which make up the stock of the big store have had expended upon them when they leave the factory only about one-third of the total effort and skill necessary to take the article from the first steps of production to the final step of reception by the consumer.

The growing of wheat may be chronologically the most important part of bread production, but the processes necessary to put the loaf upon the consumer's table are more complex and difficult. The hewing in the pit may be physically the most important part of coal production, but the finding of a profitable market needs the exercise of ability of a higher economic grade.

An essential difference between factory production and retail distribution is in the amount of routine work. There can be much routine work in a factory; there can be little in a store.

The first making of an article—shoes, stockings, umbrellas, bathing suits, and so on—may require a large amount of expenditure and the exercise of technical skill. But soon the machinery and the operatives can settle down to routine and repetition. Their part is done if they make the same articles in the same way for weeks, perhaps for months.

For those who come into immediate contact with the public there can be no such period of routine. Every member of the public is a personality, and personality means difference of tastes, of needs, of manner, of judgment. Those who control retail distribution must keep every one of those differences in view.

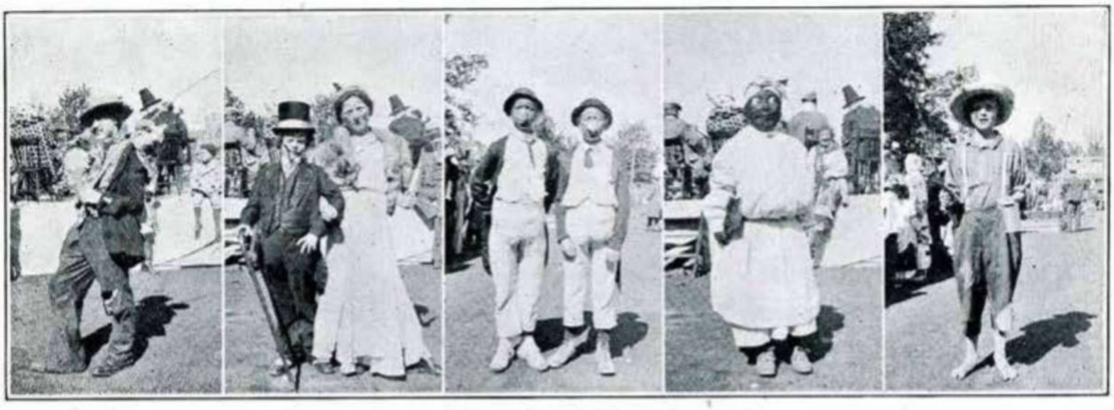
The salesman in a store has not got a machine to mind which requires from him exactly the same reaction of nerve and muscle and mind at every operation. He has what may best be called a human problem to solve before he can complete any sale, and the solution of that problem requires a definite, individual, thinking effort.

Sometimes in this House we have as many as a quarter of a million transactions in one day. Each one of these transactions is a separate problem with a separate solution.

It is our duty to see that every person who enters our doors is completely satisfied. The factors which will give that satisfaction are different in each case. It is for us to find the correct factors.

It is because retail distribution as we know it involves the solution of this vast number of different problems that we feel the truth of the axiom that it is easier to make than to sell.—*The Times Weekly Edition, London, England.*

Store Promotions That Went Over



Calgary Funnies Parade

NO. 1—CALGARY'S FUNNIES PARADE

IF one visited the Calgary store's parking grounds at nine o'clock on Saturday morning, July 9, one viewed an astonishing sight. The grounds were devoid of all the usual parked cars, and in their places was a mob of children dressed to represent characters in the comic strip. Here one saw Huck Finn with his fishing rod, Jiggs with his cigar, and many other of the "funnies" favourites.

This interesting spectacle was the Hudson's Bay Company "funnies" parade. The parade was open to all children under fourteen years of age who dressed to depict any of the many characters in the comic papers. The awards were seven cash prizes, along with a number of passes to the local theatre.

The contestants and spectators were entertained by a comic band composed of members of the Hudson's Bay Company staff dressed as clowns, and by two stampede entertainers.

The judges finally awarded first prize to the "Tramp in the Nebb's House." So cleverly had the girl disguised herself that both judges and spectators were surprised to discover that the "tramp" was a girl. "Maggie," all dressed up to entertain a duke or an earl, was given second prize. The five third prizes were awarded to the "Gloomy Gus" children, Huckleberry Finn, Mike and Ike, Cigarette Sadie and Der Captain. An original feature of one of the children was a young girl carrying a basket in which were parcels representing groceries. On the side of the basket was written "Confidence Day at the Bay" and on her back a further sign read "Every Day Is Confidence Day at the Bay." The winners of prizes in the "funnies" parade were utilized in the store's float which entered the stampede parade.

The "funnies" parade attracted some five hundred entrants, all of whom were provided with free ice cream. Approximately three thousand spectators viewed the scene on the parking grounds, evidence aplenty that the "funnies" parade was another children's promotion that went over.

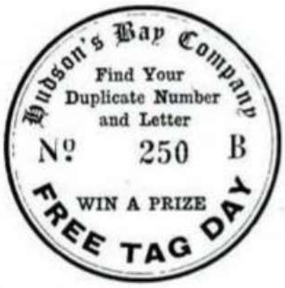
NO. 2—CALGARY STAMPEDE ANNUAL SHOPPING

On Friday, July 15, Calgary held its annual shopping day during the stampede. Every merchant in the city advertised goods and the local papers were almost doubled in size from this source. Each floor in our large store displayed merchandise in an attractive manner and a good deal of favourable comment has been heard on the showing.

At ten o'clock in the morning, a number of Indians and cowboys, with their horses, gathered on Eighth Avenue and, with their girl friends, had an old-time dance. This attracted throngs of people, who enjoyed watching the boys doing the old-time quadrilles.

* * * * *

NO. 3—SASKATOON HAS AN H B C FREE TAG DAY



A novel and successful sales promotion idea was put over by Saskatoon store on July 29. It took the form of an "H B C Free Tag Day." Tags bearing the Company's name, and lettered and numbered, were distributed at the Company's store to customers and at the Saskatoon fair grounds July 29, being Travellers' Day. The tags were distributed in duplicate letters and numbers, and the "game" was for the owners of the tags to find among the people at the store, on the streets and at the fair grounds others bearing tags of similar letters and numbers. When this happened, the parties then repaired to the Hudson's Bay store and were presented with valuable prizes of E.P.N.S. plated hollow ware, comports and cake plates. The slogan was "Someone Has Your Number—Find It and You Both Win a Prize."

In all, ten thousand of these Hudson's Bay Company tags were pinned on individual coats and dresses by pretty Hudson's Bay Company taggers.

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NO. 4—FIFTY-NINE MINUTE DRESS DEMONSTRATION

A successful store promotion was carried through at Winnipeg store in July under the title of "A Fifty-Nine Minute Dress Demonstration." Two hundred chairs were set out for the audience; a grandfather's clock, ironing board, electric iron, chintz chair and a small table sufficed other furnishings. The store hostess introduced a seamstress and kept up a steady flow of conversation during the demonstration. The audience was asked to presume that the seamstress cannot accept an invitation unless she can make a dress suitable to wear within one hour, and the seamstress takes up the challenge of Father Time. The time is taken, the material spread out, and off she goes.

A running talk and friendly conversation is kept up by the hostess on patterns, how they originated, their usefulness and simplicity in use, the excellence of the style books, and continuous references to the progress of the dress. Talk on materials—cottons and silks—giving a brief history of each and displaying best sellers. As the seamstress busily used various articles, the outstanding features of each were referred to, departments mentioned in each instance and prices quoted. In every case, as the dress neared completion, excitement became noticeable among the audience, and when finally the seamstress left the platform to reappear a few minutes later with the dress on, there was much applause.

Two shows a day were given for three days. A cotton dress from a *Pictorial* pattern was completed in thirty-nine minutes, while the longest time taken was on a silk dress from a *Vogue* pattern, and this was only fifty minutes. All dresses were cut out, sewn, necks, sleeves bound, trimmed with buttons, ties, thoroughly pressed, and worn by the seamstress within the times quoted.

This promotion showed first class results in sales.

* * * * *

NO. 5—NOVEL GLASSWARE SHOW

To demonstrate a fine shipment of Florentine glassware in the china department of the Winnipeg store, a novel "Summer Cocktail Salad and Frozen Dessert Demonstration" was planned and carried out during July. The glassware was adapted for sun room and porch use. A platform was built in the centre of the china department. Heavy white silk curtains comprised the background; other properties were two Frigidaires, an enamel topped table, and a Hoosier cabinet. A lady graduate of Manitoba Agricultural College gave two demonstration lectures each day for a week, and was assisted by two Hudson's Bay Company sales clerks wearing the green "Bay" maid's uniforms, with dainty spotted muslin aprons, *et cetera*. The demonstration was twofold in its sales reaction—in food stuffs and in glassware.

Suggestion Bureau

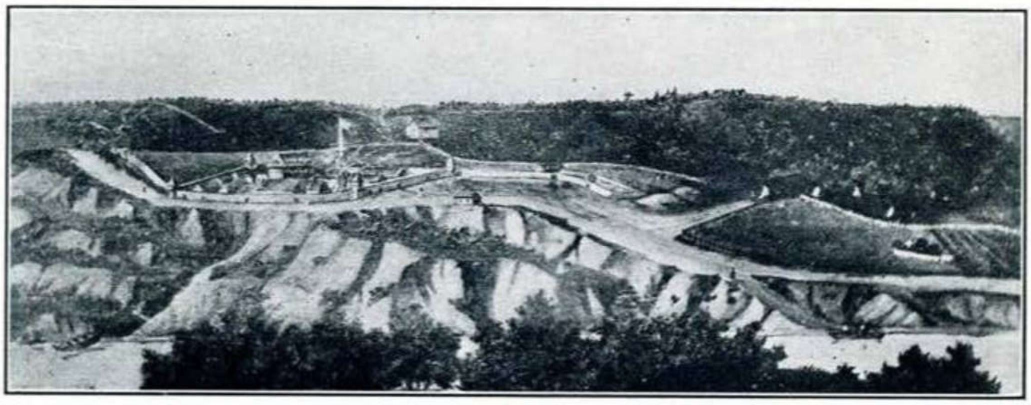
A number of original suggestions intended for this bureau must still be in the course of licking into presentable shape, as we have had to go to press without being able to judge of their merits. No doubt the "silly" or summer season, and the desire to be in the "great out-doors," are largely responsible.

It has been decided to hold over the few suggestions received, to be considered along with those we hope to receive up to October 31.

Prizes of ten dollars each are offered for the best suggestions received relative to betterment of our service to our customers, the more economical conducting of the store, the department or the section, or the improvement of any other feature of our store operations.

These suggestions should be handed into your store manager not later than October 31.

He drew a circle that shut me out—heretic, rebel, a thing to flout. But love and I had the wit to win; we drew a circle that took him in.—*Edwin Markham.*



Hudson's Bay Company, Fort Edmonton, in 1867

Fort Edmonton, 1865

(An interesting description from "Father Lacombe, the Black-Robe Voyageur" by Katherine Hughes, published by Moffat, Yard & Company, New York, 1911.)

IT was Christmas week at Fort Edmonton in the year 1865, and within the snowy quadrangle of the fort preparations for the home-joys of Christmas were under way. Outside the gates were some Cree teepees whose owners had brought a rumour of Father Lacombe being killed in a battle near Three Ponds. They even showed a capot like his taken out of his tent, they said, and with several bullet holes in it. The rumour was too terrible to be given credence, however, and was set down as an Indian yarn.

At the Big House, straying half-breed children found the kitchen for the time converted to a paradise of good dishes and savoury odours, with Murdo MacKenzie, the cook from "bonny Stornoway," presiding. Elsewhere the steward, Malcolm Groat, saw to it that extra rations of fish and buffalo meat and grease were portioned out, and to this some grog added to drink the factor's health. In her own quarters, Mrs. Christie, the granddaughter of fine old "Credo" Sinclair, of York Factory, planned a Santa Clause for her little ones.

A dog-cariole drawn at a merry trot by good dogs and followed by two sleds with their drivers came through the valley across the river. It was too cold then for men to linger on the gossip benches by the flagstaff outside the southern gate, but the dog-train was awaited with curiosity by those within the fort.

Several traders had already arrived from the outposts and no one else was likely to make the fort for Christmas but Richard Hardisty, of Mountain House. One of the runners resembled him . . . But who did he have comfortably wrapped in buffalo robes in the cariole?

"You never know what you will meet around the bend" is a proverb of the voyageur by land or water trail; and "You never know who will turn up next" might well be the word of the masters of Hudson's Bay posts.

When the dog-train drew up at the fort and Father Lacombe stepped out of the robes and wrappings, there was boisterous delight in the greetings of his friends . . . Was ever an arrival more timely?

Mr. Christie ushered the two arrivals into the Big House and the little knot of people dispersed to their quarters. Darkness fell; the big gates were clanged to, and the bell was rung for the evening meal and issuing of rations.

. . . .

That Christmas Eve the brown spaciousness of the mess-room quivered with interest, and the centre of it all, Murdo MacKenzie relates, was the worn young priest in the ragged greasy soutane, who looked as though he had known hardships in plenty since he departed.

The gentlemen's mess-room of the Big House, where this dinner was given, was a fine room—noted alike for spaciousness and hospitality. Everyone who visited Edmonton House from Paul Kane's time onward recorded its rugged pretentiousness. There was nothing finer in the west, except the old Council-room of Norway House.

Time, for their isolated kingdom, was regulated by the great clock which hung on the mess-room wall. Pictures hung there, too, good pictures, and swords from the Old Land, and buffalo-horns and moose-heads from the plains and forest of the New. There was a cavernous fireplace and heavy mantel, about which for close on to fifty years the gentlemen of Edmonton House had lingered in chat after dinner.

At one side was a table laden with the brass candlesticks Murdo MacKenzie kept in polished array to light the dinner table each night. Two immense heaters brought from England by way of the Hudson Bay were required to heat the room.

"Ah, it was a grand place altogether," Murdo recalls.

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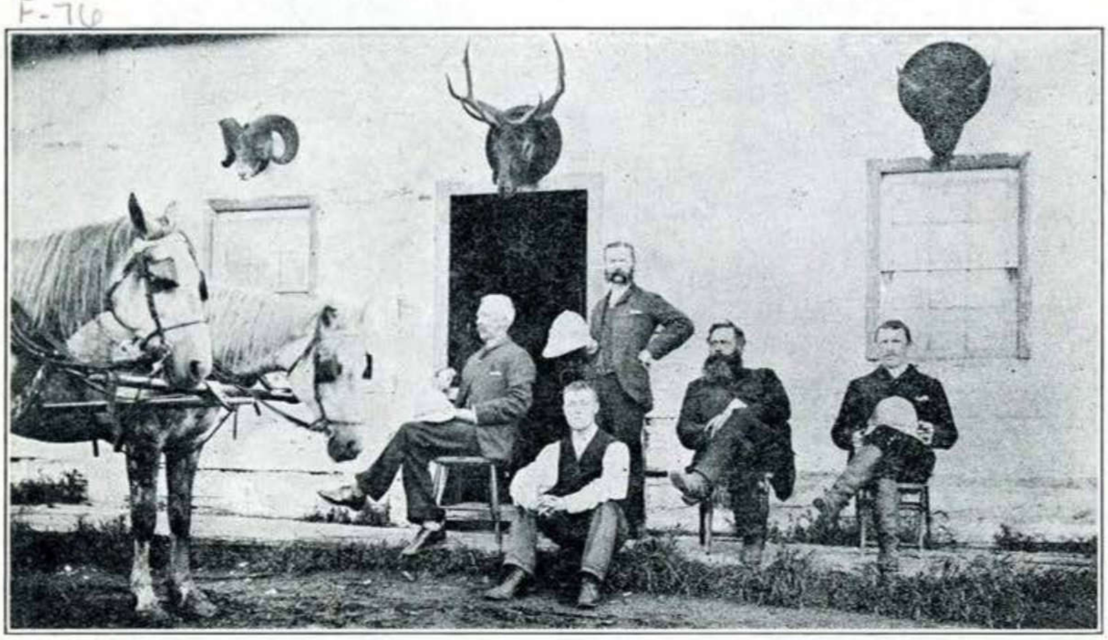
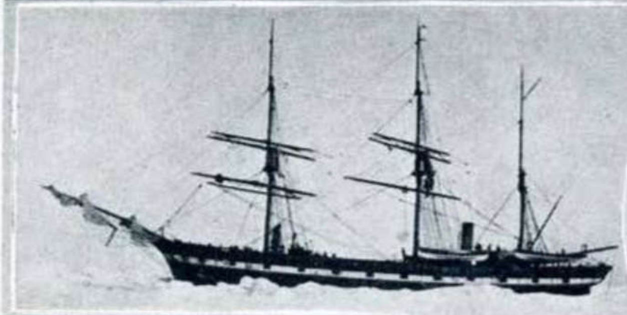
F-76



Fort Edmonton in Early Eighteen-Eighties

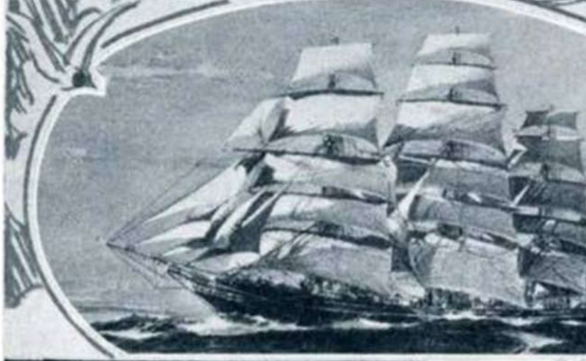
Left to Right—Standing, F. D. Wilson; seated, Leslie Wood, J. W. Brereton, Harry Grahame; on ground, I. P. Michael

Some Famous HBC Ships

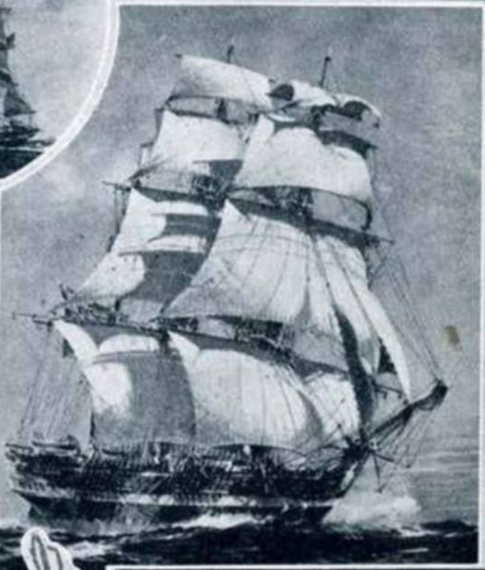


"Erik"

"Lady Head"

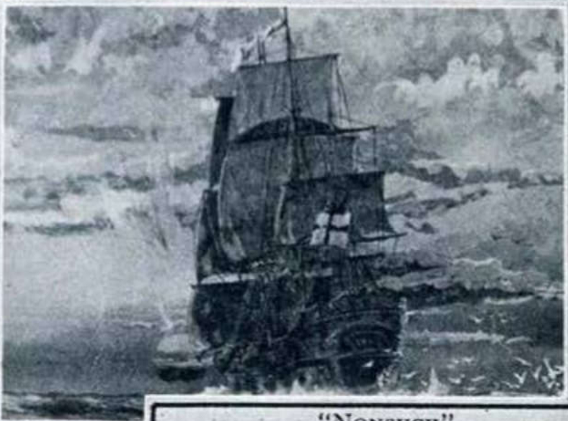


"Titania"



"Prince Albert"

"Pelican"



"Nonsuch"

The Great Labrador Gale, 1885

By H. M. S. COTTER
The Pas, Manitoba

THE Labrador coast is noted for its storms, and one of the worst on record, ending in great catastrophe, occurred in the fall of 1885. No one living at that time had ever experienced so disastrous a gale, and it was talked of for years afterwards. The storm covered a wide area, blowing over the whole peninsula and the waters of Hudson Bay and the surrounding country.

It was about October 10, 1885, that, after a long period of stormy weather, the wind, generally west and nor'west, chopped around to the north and nor' east, and out of the polar basin it howled and shrieked, accompanied by cold, snow and sleet. There was no abatement in the velocity of the wind, for starting at about twenty-five miles an hour it gradually increased till it was estimated at the time to have reached a maximum of one hundred and twenty miles. The sea rose in consequence, and a tremendous tidal wave was created which was responsible to a large extent for the loss of life and the great damage to shipping and other property.

To experience wind let loose in all its living fury and violent relentlessness, there are few places on the continent where its force equals that of the storms that the age-old rocks of Labrador have attested to. The seas that these hurricanes create must be seen to appreciate the Titanic forces which nature releases every now and again, for there are storms and storms. The scene, under lowering skies on that iron-bound coast locked in the grip of the storm king, is terrible, and even appalling, in its magnificent grandeur. The whole ocean is in one wild upheaval and a smother of white from the driven spume. Seas following seas in rapid and overwhelming power break first on the vanguard of reefs and islands and then sweep on to hurl themselves finally in millions of tons of water against the ramparts of rocks that have withstood assaults since the beginning of time, the very air reverberating with the cataclysm of sound.

When the storm broke, the Newfoundland fishing fleet, comprising at that time some two thousand vessels each of fifty to one hundred and fifty tons and with some 20,000 fishermen, was clewing up the season's fishing business. Many vessels were, in fact, upon the homeward passage. The English fish carriers, brigs, barquentines and similar craft, loaded and ready, were about to sail to European and other ports with their cargoes of salted cod. While some vessels ran before the gale and got well southward before it became violent, the greater number remained where they were or took shelter in the various harbours along the coast. Some schooners at sea were never heard of again.

Coming as it did on the height of the spring tides, the water, with the gale that was blowing behind it, reached a level that was unprecedented, and at Cape Harrigan, where the land is very high, the spray was blown right over the cliffs. Inside the cape is Fanny's Harbour, and there every vessel was ashore but no loss of life reported.

Farther south, at Manaks Island, Ragged Island, Iron Bound Island, White Bears, Black Island, Domino, Brig Harbour, Indian Tickle, Grady, Seal Islands, Batteau, Punch Bowl, and all the way along, the destruction was inconceivable and the loss of life was tragic in its severity. Many were drowned, or maimed and injured by vessels going ashore, capsizing or foundering. The property damage was exceedingly high, for it was said at the time that vessels went ashore in droves, over one hundred and fifty being wrecked with the loss of all their gear and cargoes. The fishing stations suffered disastrously in every harbour as stages and buildings were blown down or smashed by the seas.

All through Britain's history, incidents stand out in shining relief of the resourcefulness and bravery of her seamen in times of stress and danger, although in many cases such deeds are not recorded. In the great sea storm of '85, there were numbers of British skippers in command of vessels ready to sail for the foreign markets with their cargoes of cod, and it was recorded at the time that, owing to the stand which these men took and in spite of heavy financial loss to owners, they were the means of saving many lives and alleviating great distress and actual starvation, for food ran short amongst the thousands of shipwrecked people before help came from the relief steamers.

At Smokey Harbour, for instance, the barquentine *Nellie*, with 6,000 quintals of fish, was ready for sea, bound for Lisbon, but the voyage was abandoned to relieve the distress, and she took aboard hundreds of people and sailed for Newfoundland instead. The *Lady Elibank* of London, Captain Lee, threw her fish charter overboard and took on four hundred shipwrecked fishermen and sailed for Harbour Grace. Many others did the same. The old sealer *Panther* was at Manaks Island in the height of the gale and, though she was driven ashore, they managed to refloat her, and then she was crowded with five hundred men, women and children and taken to Bay Roberts, Newfoundland, where she arrived October 25.

It was the *Panther* that brought the first news of the calamity, which was immediately flashed to St. Johns. At once the government sent four relief steamers, *Mastiff*, *Lady Glover*, *Hercules* and *Plover*, all loaded with food, clothing and medical supplies. On reaching the coast, however, they were surprised to find the situation well in hand, for the shipwrecked people were being cared for and much distress relieved, and all through the unselfish efforts of the British skippers who, as already stated, though ready to sail with paying cargoes, threw aside their orders, thinking only of their duty to the shipwrecked mariners.

Captain Jim McConnell was a Bluenose skipper famous in his time as a successful trader. For years he sailed the Labrador coast, and few knew it better. At the time of the big blow he was homeward bound to Halifax in his schooner *Minnie Mac*, a vessel of one hundred and twenty tons. Scenting bad weather, he ran for shelter in one of the harbours south of Cartwright. While anchored there, many vessels came in as the wind was increasing hourly. Schooner after schooner came in, some running under double reefed foresail and main sail, others again under the foresail only, or a bit of the stay sail, and all showing signs of the weather outside. By nightfall the harbour was full of craft of all sizes, and all riding to both anchors, some with their kedges out, others with hawsers ashore to ease the strain upon their cables.

As the long hours of the night wore on and anxious men peered into the inky darkness and hoped for the wind to moderate, the storm, instead of abating, took on a new lease of life and increased so in its terrific violence that, protected though they were by the surrounding hills, there was such a sea running that the vessels began to drag their anchors and go ashore.

No one really knew what was taking place that terrible night, for men were engaged in fighting for their lives with the raging elements. When morning finally broke over the storm-swept harbour, of the thirty odd vessels which rode to their anchors the night before, not a single schooner, with the exception of the *Minnie Mac*, was afloat. They were piled up on the shore broken and dismasted. Those that held to their anchors foundered where they were, having sprung leaks with the terrible labouring, or having their hatches stove in. Others capsized at their anchorages. Many seamen were drowned or injured in the wreckage.

The Hudson's Bay Company ships during the great storm were at widely separated points, and it is interesting to recall how they fared. In 1885, sailing ships were still going in to Hudson Bay. To Moose Factory went the barque *Princess Royal*, Captain William Barfield; to York and Churchill, the barque *Cam Owen*, Captain Main; and to the coast of Labrador and Ungava, the auxiliary barque rigged S.S. *Labrador*, Captain "Dandy" Dunn.

The *Labrador* came into Rigolet from the north, got her cargo aboard and was ready to sail when the big breeze struck. For two days she steamed to her anchors, giving her commander an anxious time. Every craft in the little harbour was ashore or sunk, and out in the inlet was one seething mass of water. Never was such a gale known to the old-timers of the post. While the gale was on, there was no communication between ship and shore, and as soon as it moderated, Captain Dunn weighed anchor and was off, the usual farewells being omitted.

Captain Dunn took the tea clipper *Titania*, owned by the Hudson's Bay Company, to Victoria, B.C., the following year and was accidently killed there.

The local mail boat *Lady Glover*, being engaged taking home shipwrecked fishermen, did not call again at Rigolet that season, and so some eight hundred barrels of salted trout had to remain there that winter.

The *Cam Owen* had met a lot of boisterous weather in the Bay, and it took her fourteen days going to York from Churchill. She got away before the wind came on, but got a tidy dusting crossing Davis straits, but subsequently arrived home safely.

The *Princess Royal*, a vessel of 560 tons, had been sailing to Victoria before making her one and only passage to the Bay. She was a beautiful ship, with lofty spars, well built, well found, and under sail careening to the wind, a sight pleasing to the eye in every way. On the passage out she was detained by ice in the straits and arrived late. No time, therefore, was lost in giving her a quick dispatch. She got away on the spring tides, crossing the outer bar in the Moose Roads without incident. Then it was that the breeze came on, a dead muzzler. For a vessel of her size, there was no room to beat to windward and get away clear of the land, so she anchored, to wait for a favourable wind. But here, as at other points, it increased hourly till a living gale was howling about the ship. There being no shelter and comparatively shallow water, the seas were soon breaking aboard and doing a lot of damage to the deck fittings and bulwarks. An anxious time was now being experienced by the captain and the pilot. On seventy-five fathoms of chain on both anchors, she rode it out for twenty hours.

To help put the sea down, the cargo of seal oil which she carried was broached, put in sacks and hung over her bows. But the wind so increased that some monstrous seas were coming aboard. One mighty comber gave her such a blow that one of the chains parted, and before the spare anchor could be bent on, the second one was carried away and the ship was drifting helplessly onto the lee shore not far distant. The spare anchor was shackled on with all speed and this was no sooner let go and the ship brought up than another sea struck her and the third anchor went.

In a last desperate effort to save the old *Princess*, orders were given to loose the fore and main lower topsails and jibs in the vain endeavour to claw off the lee shore upon which she seemed doomed to run. But no sooner were these sails braced home and drawing than they were ripped clean from the boltropes and away they went. The good old ship, the pride of the captain and crew, was now beyond all hope of being saved, for it was not long afterwards that she brought up on the bar, struck heavily two or three times and broke her back. It was a sad sight to see her eleven months afterwards burned to the waterline.

A Hard Luck Story

The following letter was received by the Land Department last winter in response to one they had sent out. The writer of it does not avail himself of the "depression" as an excuse, but puts forward another much more amusing:

St. I.........., Sask., Nov. 19, 1930.

Hudson's Bay Company,
Land Department, Winnipeg.

Dear Sirs: After this late date I will answer your letter as best I can.

Our cabbage and sugar beets were most all frozen, and I'll tell you why. I had a cow that had got pretty cross. She chased the woman out of the lot, when she went into milk, on two or three occasions, and one evening when I came home she was out. I drove her round to the gate to put her in the pasture, and as she put her head through the gate she whirled around, head down, gave a snort and made a dive at me as fast as she could. I had nothing in hand to defend myself with, and only for the nearness of a tree, which I grabbed holt of and swung myself round as the cow passed, I surely would have been put down. The cow did not turn again to the attack, but thought she had me bluffed I suppose and beat it back to the garden. I thought now is the time to learn her a new trick, so stepped in and picked up my gun. I only had one shell with duck shot, but I took a shot at her back end at 50 yards, or maybe a little more, done her no damage, but quite a scare. She gave a few jumps, looked around to see what was the matter, saw nothing and strolled away, made for the gate, and since then has not give us any trouble. Well the woman is very foolish some ways. She made a big noise and told a big story. Sent word to the police at Wauka. They came up to investigate. The woman had a great story to unravel and the police told me he did not believe me at all, so I shut up like a clam, and got 30 days in P. A. Thought it wasn't worth employing a lawyer for. I have made this long, I suppose, but that is why I lost the cabbage and beets and about 25 bushels of potatoes. . . . The police and two J.P. talked it over by themselves, then came and asked me if I shot the cow. I had already owned to it, had no intention of doing otherwise, then five dollars and costs or 30 days. I took 30 days on account of being short of cash. So thats that. What do you think?—*S.L.C.*

This South Sea Island Stuff

SATIRICUS (HBC)

FEELING a bit jaded one evening, I went down town to see a picture show. I had wished to see this particular one because it had a South Sea Island setting, and I am always in the hope that some day I may see one of these plays where the plot is different. But they really never are, except that it is coffee and rolls for breakfast and rolls and coffee for lunch.

The scenery in a South Sea picture is usually refreshing. This one was too. Parts were beautiful, entrancing; so much so that I felt like turning to the pretty young lady sitting next to me and saying, "Isn't it great? Isn't the scenery lovely?" Then I might have held her hand and enjoyed the play. But of course I didn't. I just sat mute.

But about this picture! In the first place, it was wrongly named "Never the Twain Shall Meet," for the twain did meet, on numerous hectic occasions. The trouble with them was they didn't "stay met."

The hero was the usual well-done-by son of a well-to-do American business man; handsome, but somewhat spineless and headstrong. He was madly in love with a young lady of his own social set. Not really madly in love, because if he had been he wouldn't have done what he did or left undone the things he ought to have done. But, for the story's sake, he had to seem that way.

The lady was of the keep-your-distance-but-don't-run-away-altogether and give-me-a-good-time, frigidaire type that gets her man every time and generally gets his goat as well.

The other lady in the story—for there always has to be another—was, of course, Polynesian. She had a central heating system that seemed to cover every human need of the hero. She wasn't really Polynesian—just a halflin. The Polynesian half was Royal Blood. Her mother had been a queen. She had married a sea captain. She had died during her daughter's teething days. And now the girl was all grown up, aboard her father's ship.

Her dad had gone and contracted a mild, rather pleasant form of leprosy. Why any able-bodied sea captain should do that, when only one in ten thousand sea captains would ever think of doing it, didn't appear quite reasonable to me. The captain goes to San Francisco, arranges all his affairs, apple-pie a la mode, with the young hero, whose dad owns the shipping business—copra, of course, which is just cocoanuts—and also leaves his centrally heated daughter under the guardianship of the hero. A sap-headed thing to do, even if he had leprosy. The captain then gets a garland of flowers—a lei—about his neck and takes the rapid and easy exit into 'Frisco Bay. You can even hear the splash he makes when he hits the water, but all you see is the floating lei, with nobody inside it.

With mamma and papa out of the picture (mamma never was in it, to tell the truth) the way is clear for the dusky damsel to do her stuff. And she does it.

Central Heat and Frigidaire lock horns in almost the first round. There are scenes. The hero reacts to Central Heat, but his dad steps in and tells him not to make a fool of himself. He says he will if he likes. Dad sends the volcanic miss packing back home to the South Seas, where she belongs.

Some hot stuff passes between dad and son. Son rushes off to the South Seas, with hardly anything but a toothbrush and an extra soft collar, where he meets Central Heat and they live happy ever after, for about a year.

Son slowly wearies of the sun, and the sea, and the cocoanuts of the tropics. Gradually the island "gets" him. Drink and the devil—and away he goes; a beach-comber, with whiskers, dirty-white tatters, and ho! ho! ho! with the inevitable bottle of rum.

Now, I ask you, why, why should they all go that way? In the pictures they always do.. Aren't there any respectable family men in the South Seas?

The trouble is the moving picture writers pick out a hero of the days of fifty years ago and make him perform his old tricks with the up-to-date, flapper-hula heroine of today, and, when all is said and done, "Never the twain shall meet;" so perhaps the title is o.k. after all.

The nut-brown maiden, of course, has a native lover on the side. They all have. She tells the hero not to worry about a little thing like that; it is all quite right, an old Polynesian custom; for why shouldn't a girl, hitting on all six, have a brown and a white string to her bow?

She shakes a wicked hula at the hero, but he has already seen her hula.

At low ebb, Miss Frigidaire from 'Frisco steps in on the hero—just like that—as if her mother were waiting for her in the Rolls Royce outside.

She promises to get out of the ice-box and into the oven, if he will only pull himself together and come in after her. She leaves him after two minutes' interview, for the ship is tooting in the offing.

He thinks it over for half a minute, makes his momentous decision; shaves, washes his dirty linen, dresses and packs—all off-stage—between the last two toots of the departing steamer. He joins his white sweetheart aboard, to fight it out with her ever after—but under real Marquis of Queensberry rules—in San Francisco and way points.

The dusky little lady is seen on the doorstep with a tear in her eye, but just for a minute, for her native boy comes along, rubs her bare arm up and down. It doesn't work the first time, but it seems to have effect the second. He speaks soft, soothing Polynesian vowel-language to her. She sidles up close to him and everything is hunky-dory in the South Seas Islands.

But wouldn't it be nice to have an occasional South Sea hero who didn't "go native," and a dusky heroine who didn't do the hula and other things; a white lady who, when her lover leaves her, lets him go hang? Or, for a change, have a native girl "go white" in New York or Chicago or Washington, and do all the foolish things silly white girls do, and afterwards reform and go back to her waiting and forgiving brown lover.

Then, why should the white men do all the roving and dusky loving? They like to do it, I know, but few of them get the chance. Couldn't a white lady take a trip to the South Seas—there are lots of them in Canada waiting for the job—fall in love with a brown fisherman or a Waikiki beach boy, "go native," do the hula and all that sort of thing until her white hero comes over and shows her the error of her dark-brown ways, and takes her home all whitewashed. No, I am afraid that would hardly do. But surely there are still a few new angles that might be worked to give this South Sea Island stuff a fresh lease of life.

Do You Know That

THE Calgary Exhibition and Stampede is the largest of its kind on this continent. Cowboys from every part of United States and all the western provinces of the Dominion compete annually. The opening parade this year took over two hours to pass the Hudson's Bay store. Hundreds of Indians from the Morley reserve, together with chuck wagons and a number of wild horses which were herded along the city streets, were among the attractive sights. On Friday the annual street dance took place. Two bands were necessary to handle the crowd, while in the Palliser Hotel the large ballroom was crowded, and in the dining room the old-timers held forth with their music. The Hudson's Bay Company hut on the fair grounds was an attraction this year. Pictures of our trading posts were shown, and a fine HBC "Point" blanket display. A great number of sightseers passed through the building.

The building permit of $875,750 for the Winnipeg auditorium is the largest that has been issued by the city of Winnipeg since the erection of the Hudson's Bay Company store in 1926 on Portage Avenue and The Mall.

The Fur Trade Commissioner, during Outfit 262, travelled about 60,000 miles, visiting fur trade branches throughout Canada from Newfoundland to British Columbia and from the boundary to within about twenty degrees of the North Pole, and used, during his various journeys, practically every mode of transport used in Canada today, from the aeroplane to the dog-team.

Humphrey Bonnycastle, of the Winnipeg store sporting goods department, brought honours to the store by reaching the finals of the provincial tennis singles. Although he did not win the singles title, Bonnycastle gave a brilliant exhibition before admitting defeat. Grant Watson, the winner, was extended to the limit, to defeat him. It was the first time Bonnycastle has reached the finals. We hope it is not the last, and we hope next time he gets so near to the championship he will win through.

The Victoria-Saanich Anglers' Association have awarded their handsome silver cup and bronze button to G. Hibberd, head porter at the Company's store in Victoria, for landing the biggest fish in their angling competition held August 1. The piscatorial monster weighed twenty and three-quarter pounds over the official scales, and we understand over 250 boats were competing. The poor fish had no chance whatever, but it says much for Mr. Hibberd's general appearance that it chose him as the man to whom to surrender.

Trader John Robert Moar, who retired on pension on May 31, 1932, has served the Company for fifty years. He joined the service on June 1, 1882, as a labourer at Little Grand Rapids and he has been connected with that post for practically the entire period—as labourer, general servant, clerk, and then from 1919 to 1932, post manager. He received his trader's commission in 1929 and he carries the Company's gold medal and four bars for long and faithful service.

Trader Frank Harvey Aldous has retired on pension. He passed through Winnipeg recently on his way to Victoria, where he intends to take up residence. Born at Eccles, England, in 1872, Mr. Aldous entered the service in 1911 and for twenty-one years, with the exception of a short period spent in British Columbia, he has been employed in the Superior-Huron district. He holds the Company's long-service silver medal and bar. His many friends throughout the fur trade join in wishing him many years of health to enjoy his well earned rest.

Jimmy Ball, of our Winnipeg store, represented Canada at the Olympic games held at Los Angeles in July and August. He placed in his heat in the 400 metres, but was eliminated in the semi-final. Jimmy also ran in the Canadian relay team over the 1,600 metres distance, the Canadians placing third.

Sid Rogers, popular fruit manager of the Winnipeg store, won the second prize in the home ground beautifying contest in home lots of sixty-one feet and over. The first prize winner beat Mr. Rogers by only one and a half points. The following is an excerpt from the *Winnipeg Evening Tribune:* "One of the finds of the day was a row of sweet peas in the garden of S. Rogers, second prize winner, on Inkster Boulevard. This row is the finest that has been seen anywhere this year. The judges deemed it a triumph for the owner in view of the adversities of the season. Grasshoppers attacked the very blades of grass in Mr. Rogers' lawn, but in spite of the insect pest, the garden presented a beautiful spectacle." We congratulate Mr. Rogers on his achievement.

Two of the Hudson's Bay Company staff were chosen to play against the Australian cricketers during their tour of Canada—Cyril Dawson, of furniture department, Calgary store, and D. Farquharson, of secretary's office, Canadian Committee, Winnipeg.

Over 16,000 visits a year are made by members of the Vancouver store staff to the store hospital for advice and treatment. The hospital unit is under the direction of Dr. A. Taylor Henry, assisted by Nurse Mrs. M. E. Pringle.

* * *

An Aesop's Fable—The Cock and the Fox

A cock stood crowing on a tree top. "Come down," said the fox, from below, wishing to make a meal of him, "I have great news for you!"

"What news?" asked the cock.

"All the birds and the beasts have sworn peace," answered Reynard. "There will be no more war, but we shall all live like brothers now: come down, then, that I may congratulate you!"

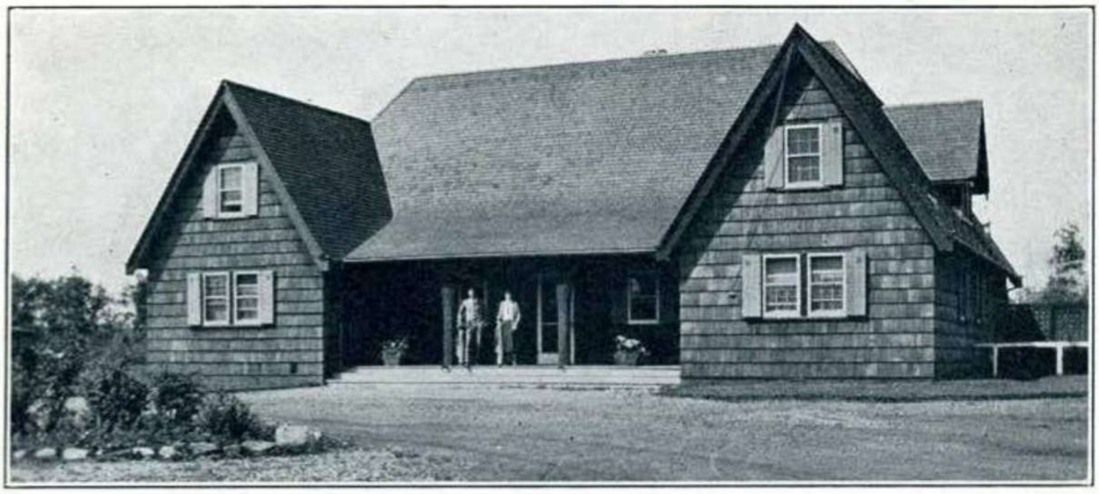
The cock did not answer, but strained his neck as if looking at something in the distance. "What do you see?" asked the fox.

"A pack of hounds, I think," was the answer.

Upon this the fox started up to go. "Surely there is no need to hurry," said the cock, "now that all are at peace."

"N—no!" stammered Reynard, making off quickly, "but they may not have heard the news."

"I quite understand you," the cock shouted after him.



Club-House, Prince Rupert Golf Course

Prince Rupert Golf Course, Edmonton

By COL. L. F. PEARCE
Land Department

AT one time there was a swampy depression one mile from Fort Edmonton on the St. Albert trail, which went under the unromantic name of Drunken Lake, so called because it was a favourite spot in the early days for an occasional orgy on the part of canoemen and others. Today on this spot we find grassy fairways, undulating greens, sandy hollows and green mounds, and the old expressive name is no more.

This is the Prince Rupert golf course, operated by the Hudson's Bay Company as a public course, in the centre of the residential district of Edmonton. It is a championship course, 6250 yards long with eighteen holes of lengths varying from 135 to 500 yards and a par of seventy-two, wide fairways, large bunkered greens and sufficient hazards to afford interest if successfully achieved and disappointment if one strays from the straight and narrow way.

During its construction many interesting relics were discovered, and these afforded a fair picture of the progress of more recent civilization across the Northwest. A beaver dam was found at the lower end of what was Drunken Lake; bones and antlers of animals once native to the country were resurrected by the excavating machines and ploughs, and Indian life was evidenced by stone arrow heads. Longitude mounds were noted traversing diagonally across the lake and investigation of these showed that a more recent civilization had commenced to build a road across, using as a foundation the unwanted things of the community. Excavation through these mounds afforded an interesting picture. On the lower levels were relics of yesterday and the day before—bustles, corsets and a miscellaneous assortment of other articles in common use in the late nineties. More recent periods donated spring beds, motor car frames and innumerable tin cans. The picture gave a fairly accurate cross section of the development of community life in the Northwest—first, the swampy depression, home of the beaver and duck and hunting ground for other animals, then the

On First Tee, 26th June, 1932

Indian encampment, and later the real estate subdivision founded on the optimism of the early part of the present century, and now a golf course with nature eliminating the scars of the past and affording to the citizens of the city healthful pleasure and recreation.

Our first impression today is of the rustic and gabled club house situated in the midst of the poplar groves which are typical of this park-like country. The large stone fireplace in the main hall gives one a welcome, and the sloping beamed ceiling with heavy iron chandelier and the rustic furnishings are typical of the past rather than the present. Pictures of the trail and trophies of the hunt assist in completing the impression.

The fairways wind in and out of the wooded clumps, and they display a firm mat of well rooted grass. The finely textured, closely mowed, undulating greens afford a fine picture as one approaches them with a well directed shot from the fairway.

The bunkers, mounds and other hazards are there serving as signposts and warnings to the implusive or venturesome players. The holes are of varying character, the work of the famous golf architect, Stanley Thompson. The course is popular, and as we traverse the fairways one by one, we begin to appreciate the reason for the growing popularity of golf in this country—four miles of effort and recreation in the exhilarating atmosphere of the Northwest. As we again approach the club-house, we are fully convinced that there are few pleasures equal to that of walking over nature's carpet of turf in congenial company with a definite objective, and we are further convinced that the Prince Rupert golf course is one of the very best.

Joe Pryke, the professional, is a real golfer. He won the open championship of the province of Alberta this year in a marvellous performance of skill and confidence—four under par for thirty-six holes and creating a new record of 69 for the Mayfair Golf and Country Club course.

* * *

Success lies, not in achieving what you aim at, but in aiming at what you ought to achieve and pressing forward, sure of achievement here, or if not here, hereafter.—*R. F. Horton.*

Beaver Club Notes

HUDSON'S BAY HOUSE, WINNIPEG—On June 18 the employees of Hudson's Bay House and their friends journeyed to the Agricultural College on the banks of the Red river for their annual picnic. Although the crowd was not so large as in previous years, the event proved a great success, helped by ideal weather and the beautiful surroundings.

The sports were keenly contested by juveniles and adults. The old-timers were very much in evidence as per usual and made a good showing in the running events. The tug-of-war was keenly contested by the various units, who had their usual boosters. Several baseball games were played and much enjoyed. A basket lunch was served in the shade of the trees. There was a bountiful supply of refreshments, and the competition was great amongst the juveniles as to who could consume the most pop and ice cream.

All were loud in their praise for the efficient as well as economical manner in which the picnic committee of the Beaver Club carried out the arrangements for the day.

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Hebert E. Waugh, Wholesale Department, on the birth of a daughter on July 23.

* * * * *

WINNIPEG—Several thousands attended our annual midsummer outing under the auspices of the Beaver Club held this year at Winnipeg Beach on June 9. Special trains and motor cars were chartered.

Two musicians entertained the crowd en route with accordion and banjo selections, while a "Keystone" cop, a clown, and two comedy characters put considerable pep into the day.

Sports included a tug-of-war, baseball game between the traffic department and the "House of David" (sporting goods department). Several races were enjoyed and worthwhile prizes awarded the winning contestants. Free ice cream, tea and coffee were distributed, and a first aid hospital tent was in charge of one of the store nurses to attend to ice cream and other casualties.

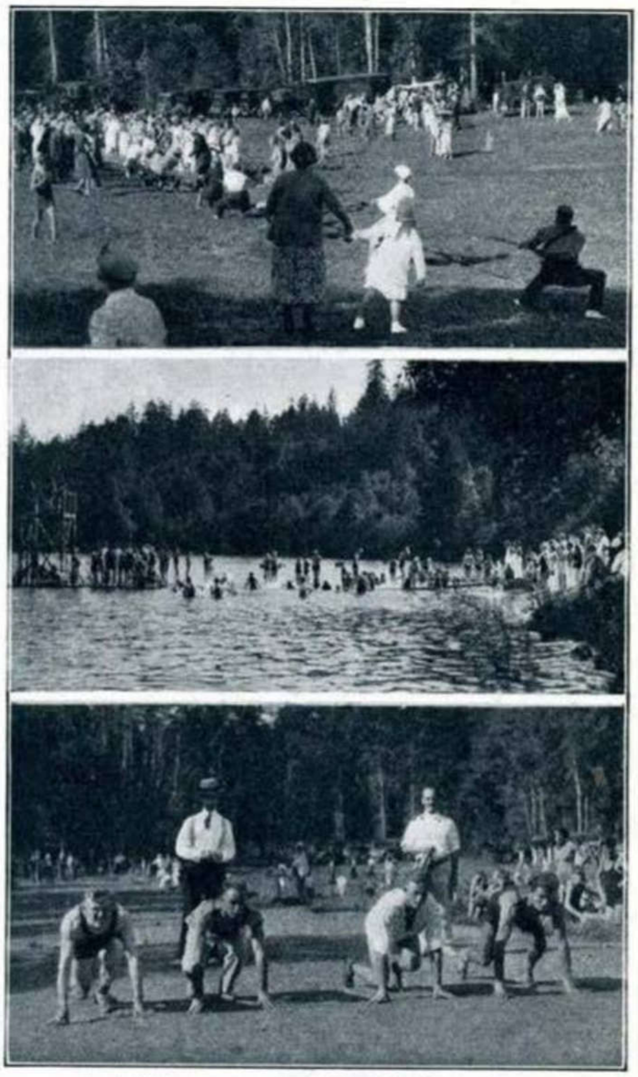
Several enjoyed a dip in the lake, and following the evening meal, the party spent several hours dancing in the pavilion.

The picnic was altogether a big success.

Social activities have been in abeyance during the summer season, sports activities and the outdoors generally commanding "front-page" attention. A dance, however, is already being talked about for the early fall, with other special entertainments in the further offing, so that there should be much to report for next issue of *The Beaver*.

Harry Teasdale, Winnipeg 290-lbs (Solid Mahogany) Anchor Man of Winnipeg Team

Victoria—*Annual Picnic*—Hundreds of employees of the Victoria store, their wives, children, relatives and friends, attended the tenth annual picnic Wednesday, August 3, at Elk Lake. Beautiful weather greeted the picknickers, who were conveyed to the scene by eight buses and scores of private cars.



1, A Tense Moment in the Tug-of-War Contest
2, Enjoying the Waters of Elk Lake
3, Waiting for the Start in the Hundred Yards Dash

Don Fish and Phyllis Butts won the grand aggregate for men's and women's sport events respectively, and by a coincidence both retain the handsome challenge cups for good because they have come out on top in the aggregate at both of the last two picnics. Don Fish secures the Governor's cup, given by Mr. C. V. Sale four years ago, and Miss Butts secures the Watson cup donated by Mr. A. J. Watson. Mr. and Mrs. Watson presented the prizes.

The picnickers left town at one o'clock with specially made-up lunch baskets provided by the store. Lunch was served on the grounds and many availed themselves of the opportunity for a swim. The sports programme followed, with A. Haines being the jovial starter and announcer, J. S. Horne, E. Martin, G. Hibberd and A. S. Woollard the judges, and R. Eaton and Percy Shrimpton clerks of the course.

There were several swimming races held after the track competition. Tug-of-war and softball rounded out the afternoon.

After the prize-giving around seven o'clock, many of the picknickers adjourned to Hamsterley Lakeside for a dance, ending the day in grand style.

Among the special guests of the day were Mr. and Mrs. C. H. French, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Fowles, Mr. and Mrs. Chris Harding and Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Robson.

George McAdam, chairman of the social committee, R. Eaton, chairman of the sports committee, Percy Shrimpton, chairman of the grounds committee, and T. Wilkinson, secretary of the Beaver Club, are to be congratulated upon the excellent manner in which all arrangements were carried out.

Another Picnic—A delightful picnic arranged by the social committee of the Beaver Club was held at Hamsterley Lakeside on Wednesday, July 6, with an attendance of over sixty employees and their friends. The afternoon was spent in playing baseball and in swimming and terminated with a dance lasting until midnight.

Cabaret Dance—On Friday, July 29, twenty-five tables, accommodating in all about one hundred and forty employees and their friends, were reserved for the "Bay" night at the "Plantation by the Sea," the new cabaret dance pavilion so beautifully situated in full view of the ocean.

Presentation to Retiring Superintendent—W. T. Edgecombe, recently retired from the position of superintendent of Victoria store, was the recipient of a handsome gold watch and chain presented to him by the manager and staff.

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CALGARY—We regret to report the loss of the president of our Beaver Club, David Robertson, but in so doing, we realize that what is our loss is somebody else's gain. We wish him every success in his new field of endeavour.

It is with pleasure we report that Mr. Standfield, our manager, is again with us, after an illness of some five or six weeks. We hope he may continue in good health.

On June 15, the annual store picnic was held at the Beaver club-house. It was one of the most enjoyable picnics held by our club. The weather was ideal and the attendance was large. Much credit for the success of the picnic was due to the committee in charge, especially to Mr. Ward, of our restaurant, who served lunch in a novel way which everyone enjoyed.

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EDMONTON—The annual Beaver Club picnic was held at Borden Park, August 3. The staff and their friends turned out and enjoyed the afternoon of real fun. Sports started at 3 p.m. and there was a good list of entries for each event. The kiddies had everything they wanted to eat and drink, and went home tired and happy. Mr. Betzmer, our genial restaurant manager, provided a meal at six o'clock which was heartily enjoyed by all. The Edmonton Citizens' Band provided music during the afternoon and evening.

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SASKATOON—The annual picnic of the Beaver Club was held Wednesday, August 17. Instead of chartering a special train and going to Watrous for the picnic, as usual, the club decided to hold the picnic within a few miles of Saskatoon.

In the travellers' parade of July 29 held in connection with the Saskatoon exhibition, the Company's float typifying the Hudson Bay terminal elevator at Churchill was awarded third prize.

* * * * *

YORKTON—The first Yorkton Hudson's Bay Company staff picnic was held on the afternoon of 3rd August at York lake, an ideal setting, in glorious weather. Forty-nine, including wives and children of members of the staff, participated. A picnic lunch and ice cream were served, with the usual sports programme so dear to the hearts of the youngsters and the older folks as well. The Yorkton staff is wondering why such picnics were not held years before.

HBC Business Club

The meetings of the various HBC Business Clubs have been largely in abeyance during the past three months, on account of the holiday season and the very laudable desire on the part of all members of the staff to be out of doors as much as possible. September will see these meetings in full swing.

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CALGARY—The last meeting of the Business Club for the spring season was held in the tapestry room on 31st May. Mr. McNicol held a discussion on sales promotion and Mr. Robertson and Mr. Sidney talked on their work in the store. Since this meeting, it is with regret that our president, Mr. Gregory, has resigned, having left our service.

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EDMONTON—The Business Club of the store has been enjoying a three months' holiday during the summer and will recommence activities in September. Mr. Digney, president of the club, has been hard at work on an interesting educative programme and is very enthusiastic about the prospects for fall.

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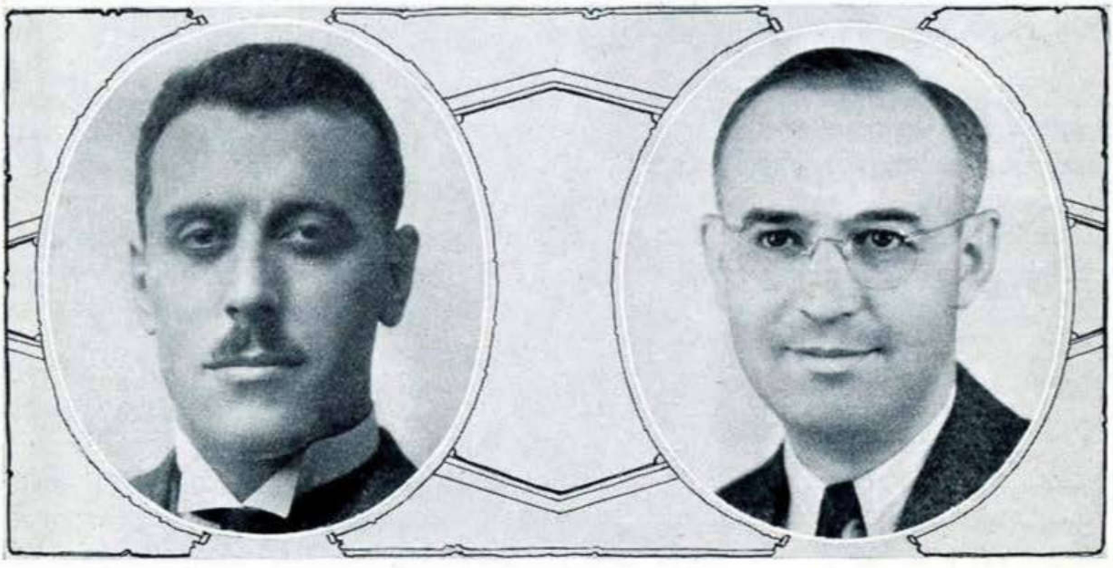
VICTORIA—With a full attendance of members the Hudson's Bay Company Discussion Club, Victoria store, met on Tuesday evening, June 28. A. J. Watson, recently returned from a trip to the eastern cities, was the guest of the evening and gave to the members some impressions of his visits to various stores in the States and Canada, including the Hudson's Bay stores in Winnipeg and other points. This proved to be a most inspiring meeting, many valuable suggestions being forthcoming from Mr. Watson's talk and the discussion.

Our Family Album



C. E. Joslyn, Manager Land Department

G. F. Klein, Manager Winnipeg Store

H B C Sports Activities

WINNIPEG—*Bowling*—The ten-pin bowling league, consisting of six teams, start their season about the middle of September and the traffic team will have to work hard to retain the cup they won last year from the shoes team. A familiar figure will be absent from the alleys this year, as George Bowdler, captain of the shoes team, has been transferred to Edmonton. Winnipeg's loss is Edmonton's gain.

Baseball—The team entered in the B division of the Commercial Diamond Ball League did not fare so well as last year, as they were able to finish only third in each series. There are strong rumours that Harry Teasdale will come out of retirement next year and pitch for the boys, as he showed very good *form* when playing for the traffic team at the picnic held at Winnipeg Beach on July 9.

Golf—Arrangements are under way for a tournament to be held at Royaumont Golf Club the latter part of August, and about eighty to a hundred members will be replacing divots and trying to join the hole-in-one club. Two other field days have been held this summer which have proved very successful. Mr. McCanse is wondering how to keep his handicap up after winning the B flight at the first tournament.

Tennis—The tennis club is enjoying a successful season. The courts are in excellent condition and the new club-house is proving a great asset to the members. The league team is at present leading section A of B division by three games, with only ten more to play, and hope to realize their ambition by winning this league. They have been close to it during the last two seasons.

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VICTORIA—*Golf*—Mrs. Creffield, of the credit department, was the winner of the silver cup donated by A. J. Watson in the store handicap championship competition. Renie Glass, who knows groceries as well as she knows golf, and perhaps better, finished with the next best score. Hubert Hanson came third.

Cricket—Hubert Hanson, famed tonsorial artist as well as cricketer, and a valued member of the Victoria Beaver Club, has scored more runs and taken more wickets this season than any other player in the Wednesday and the Saturday leagues. He was chosen to play against the Australians when they visited Victoria in the early part of the summer and was the youngest member of the Victoria team. Our store cricketers are to be congratulated upon winning the first half of the Wednesday cricket season, as well as two matches in the second half. Keep it up, boys, and the cup will be yours!

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SASKATOON—*Softball*—The senior softball league has just completed its schedule for the season 1932, our team finishing in fourth place. This is the first year we have entered a team in the senior league. W. A. Fortier acted as manager.

The girls' softball team, known as "Beaverettes," has played a number of exhibition games with the "Sutherland Pats." At present the "Beaverettes" have the edge.

CALGARY—*Golf*—Our Beaver Club golf course is in excellent condition and a good number of players are enjoying the successful season. G. Baxter won the store cup for the 1932 season. The Governor's cup is now being played for and several good matches have been staged. The tombstone competition was won by J. Munroe.

Softball—The girls' softball team is still in the running for the city championship, and we hope that by the next issue of *The Beaver* we will be able to advise that they are city champions. The boys' team in the mercantile league is putting up a sturdy battle, and we hope to be able to report by next issue that the team reached the finals.

The Senior Ladies' Baseball League opened on May 18, when the "Beavers" and the "Paramounts" participated. A crowd of six hundred people attended and prizes were given to those present holding lucky numbers. The "Beavers" have lost some of last year's players, but have the makings of a winning team.

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EDMONTON—*Golf*—This year is bringing to the fore some very fine golfers, including C. Digney, W. Fleming, A. Baird and W. L. Templeton, all of whom have turned in some fine scores. Our superintendent, L. V. Trimble, was just nosed out of the Alberta provincial tournament held at the Mayfair Golf and Country Club this year. To shoot a 75 and be beaten was just a tough break. We are looking forward to our annual game with the T. Eaton Co. Limited.

Tennis—The Beaver tennis club is enjoying a very successful season with a membership of over forty-five members. Three courts are in continuous play each evening and are in excellent shape.

Cricket—A very active and successful season has so far been enjoyed by the "Hudsonia" eleven this year. We emerged decisive victors in all four meetings with our local rivals, "Woodwards," also beating the strong local senior team, "Borden Park," while time alone saved the senior league leaders, the "Wanderers," from the same fate. Credit is due to the splendid performance of our captain, W. H. Stephens, C. L. Bickerton (our secretary) and R. B. Jeffels. We regret the loss of the services of H. Warner early in the season through leg injuries.

Photograph—Back row: Radford, Forman, Thomas, S. Jeffels, Gallimore and Plummer. Front row: Hesketh, Bickerton, R. Jeffels, Stephens (captain) and Greenleaf.

HBC Poets' Page

Seas

Green seas, and a seething surf;
Wind, and the sparse blown turf
Crowning the steep cliff edge;
Gulls, down on the jutting ledge,
Screaming! Screaming!

Deep seas, and a threshing foam;
Boats, the fishers come home
Running awash in the gale;
Breakers, crashing onto the shale,
Thundering! Thundering!

Calm seas, and the wavelets play;
Rocks, where the rollers stray
Under a shimmering moon.
A sigh, as the breezes croon,
Dreamily! Dreamily!

—Frank H. Geddes (HBC).

* * *

Sands

Sands, where the sea winds play;
Sands, where the grass grows grey,
Struggling to live.

Sands, and the surf on the shore
Booming with dull hollow roar,
Rolling monotony.

Wrecks, with half rotted hulls,
Haunt of the screaming gulls,
Drifted over.

Bones, gleaming white on the strand,
Graves of the lost in the sand,
Desolation.

Dusk, and the dunes lie dead,
And the breeze sobs overhead,
Never at rest.

And the grey grass grows,
And the sea wind blows,
Eternally.

—Frank H. Geddes (HBC).

Evensong

Hold thou my hand
Tho' we are worlds apart;
Thus I shall feel
The bigness of your heart.

Stretch forth your arms
When you are burdened deep;
Your need I'll guess,
And the bleak watches keep.

Life is so short,
And friends are all too few.
Time shall not mar
All kindly dreams of you.

—Geraldine Reardon (HBC).

* * *

The Minstrel

Day by day, as he went his way,
The minstrel strummed, and he sang his lay.
His clothes were ragged; his hair was grey;
But his heart was light as the air, O,
For what had come, and come what may,
His soul soared high o'er the human fray.
He plucked his strings to the grave and gay.
He lilted his joys and his care, O.

And ever the minstrel's voice rang clear,
As he sang of life and the passing year;
Of love and of hate; of hope and fear;
In melody, rhyme and measure.
He sang his ballads of winter drear;
Of summer skies, of smile and tear.
The hills sang back to him, far and near,
As his soul laid bare of its treasure.

And some there were, when he drew them nigh
Who laughed and sneered at his tuneful cry.
But little cared he as his voice rose high
On its journey short or long, O.
A new light shone in the minstrel's eye,
While his carol dirged to a broken sigh.
Ah! never again will he pass them by,
For his soul has flown with his song, O.

—Robert Watson.

(From "The Mad Minstrel," published by G. Fisher, Unwin & Co., London)

The Tusked Enigma

By ALFRED COPLAND
Lake Harbour Post, Ungava District

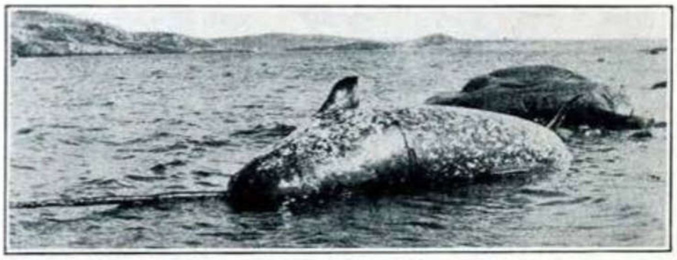
THE fabled unicorn! What a sensation the finding of a narwhal tusk created some four hundred years ago! From the barren shores of Vaigach it was brought to the Tsar and was "held in no small pryce and estymacion with the said prince," for, knowing that "unicorns were bredde in the land of Cathay . . . there must of necessity be a passage out of the said Orientall ocean."

Fabled Unicorn
Drawing by T. Simpkins

And so the attack on the nor'east passage commenced. The treasures of the East lay awaiting the intrepid mariner who would dare the unknown. Into the fastness of the ice-infested sea they sailed, for the West craved the treasures of the East and commerce needed expansion.

What mattered if they failed? Human endeavour and human life ever await the beckoning call of commerce. The perils of grinding ice-fields, the sickening terrors of scurvy, the physical discomforts of intense cold, all these were nothing if the passage could be forced. New conditions suggested new possibilities. A climate like this offered unlimited possibilities to England's staple industry, the wool trade. Life could undoubtedly exist under these new conditions, but it required the warm, woollen clothing which England manufactured for the conservation of bodily warmth. For inasmuch as "near the north pole the sun shines continually for five months, to render it temperate, to accommodate it for the habitation of men and to produce grass for the nourishment of animals." So reasoned the thinkers in the days when half of the map of the world was still unrolled.

Then from the East, the London merchants turned their attention to the West. On the West they pinned their hopes, and on Henry Hudson their faith. Through Hudson's Straits, daring the perils of its racing tide, he sailed "into a great and swirling sea." Perhaps the most tragic figure in Arctic history, fearless seaman but weak leader of men; hoarding the precious food, unknown to his men, hoping against hope that he had found a passage to the orient; and then to be cast adrift, at the mercy of the sea which now bears his name.


Narwhal (Note Spiral Tusk). Photo by Henry Boisey

Round the foot of the cliffs that witnessed the tragedy of the Eskimo attack on the mutineers, the narwhal's tusk still gleams in the Arctic sunshine. The lure of the passage has gone and its glamour shattered. Unicorn tusks now interest the world merely as curios, when, as a stand for a reading lamp under diffused light, the decorative natural spiral twists show to advantage.

Yet how keenly did the first tusk interest the world. But even in that remote age, listen to the voice of the skeptical, "First it is doubtful whether these barbarous Tartarians do know an unicorn horne, when they see it, yea or no, and if it were one, yet it is not credible that the sea had driven it that far, being of such a nature that it will not swimme." But the optimists were right.

Circling the great American continent, from the Horn to northern Greenland, through the passages of the Arctic archipelago to the blue seas of the orient, the unwieldy mammals make their annual migration. With amazing regularity the glistening tusks gently break the surface of the water. The laboured intake of breath disturbs the quiet of many a tranquil scene. The Eskimo hunter in his whale boat beats in to intercept the "school" as they pass to windward. Curious eyes turn from the deck of a windjammer, in a warmer clime, to catch a fleeting glimpse of their great tusks rippling the surface of the calm sea. Strange craft, heeling gently to the spice-laden breezes from the "shores of Cathay," slip gently past the migrating whales.

This legend of the fabled unicorn, this tusked enigma, coupled with the accidental finding of a tusk, has meant much to the world. It sent men into the "dead level of a glacial, a barren and absolutely lonely sea," into the unknown where "sometimes the ice came so fast that it made our hair stand upright upon our heads, it was so fearful to behold." Indirectly it provided incentive for exploration that helped to make this great Company what it is.

In the Ungava district we have place-names that remind us of the early struggle after the elusive migratory route of the narwhal. The "Isles of God's Mercy," whose welcome shelter from the elements and racing tide brought pious utterances to the lips of hardened seaman. "Cape hold with Hope," calmly named when saner and braver men might have abandoned hope altogether, and named it "Ichabod."

As we go about our duties by boat and sled, passing and repassing those hallowed spots, figures rise up in our minds' eye out of an almost forgotten past. Baffin, pacing the poop deck of his little vessel as he lies becalmed at Fair Ness, awaiting the wind that is to take him to England; Foxe, crude sextant in hand, mapping the coast of the peninsula that makes his name immortal; Frobisher, in the *Gabriel*, slipping along the steep shores of the bay which bears his name; brave men in the service of the virgin queen, bringing her, not news of forcing the passage but "black earth" for the alchemists and "ye horne of ye unicorn."

Interesting hours might be spent searching the annals of Arctic exploration. The magnetic needle, steadily pointing northward, lured men to where the meridians converged towards "a point, but nothing but vanitie." But the narwhal tusk swung elusively round three cardinal points of the compass card, east to north and north to west. Within the wide scope of its swing lay undreamt of possibilities, which, in a certain measure, have been exploited today.

As the steady march of events dims the memory of great deeds and movements that have inspired men, so the incident of the finding of a narwhal tusk was forgotten.

What Churchill Owes to a Woman

By K. E. PINCOTT
Archives Department, Hudson's Bay Company, London, England

ON 24th November, 1714, there arrived at York Factory an Indian slave woman. Her story was that she belonged to a tribe of Northern Indians, that she had been taken prisoner by a hostile tribe, and that she and another slave woman had managed to make their escape, with the intention of returning to her own people. The winter setting in, and being short of food, they were unable to accomplish this object. She stated that "having nothing to live on but what they ketched in snares and by the way, she was forced to leave her consert."

Ruins of Fort Churchill

At that time Governor James Knight was anxious to send an expedition of home Indians to the northern tribes to endeavour to persuade them to trap and bring their furs down to York fort to trade, and he at once realized that this slave woman would be a valuable addition as guide and interpreter. He questioned her on her country, and found her replies to be encouraging; she reported that not only were furs plentiful and of good quality, but that the country was rich in metals.

By June of 1715 these plans had taken shape, as is shown by the following entry in Knight's journal:

> . . . To Day I made a feast for the home Indians to know how many were willing to make a peace wth the Northern Indians & found 12 or 14 that was very Earnest to prosecute ye design upon wch I promis'd them Large presents of Powder, Shott & tobacco wth other Necessarys & an Englishman & Slave Woman Should go wth. them . . .

A sufficient number of Indians volunteered, and on 27th June the expedition set out under the command of William Stewart, accompanied by the slave woman as guide, and well provided with provisions, trading goods and presents for the Northern Indians. In the official orders given to William Stewart by Governor Knight the following clause was inserted:

> . . . I Order You to take care that none of the Indians Abuse or Missuse the Slave Woman that goes wth. You or to take what she has from her that is to be given Amongst her Country People & likewise to tell her to Acquaint her Country people that wee shall Settle a factory at Churchill River next fall & that wee will trade wth. them for Beavor Martin fox Queequihatch Wolf Bear Otter Catt Moose & Buffolo Skins & Yellow Mettle . . .

Little was heard of the party until the following spring (April, 1716), when three Indians belonging to the expedition arrived at the fort, bringing accounts of the party and reporting that they were suffering from great shortage of food. Knight records their arrival in his journal, and states:

> . . . As nere as I can Guess by the Acct. of distance they say they was in the Lattitude of 62 & odd where they was forced to kill and eat there Doggs for hunger and to Separate wch. they Divided into 4 or 5 Companys and was drove to it so hard for want of provisions that only 2 parcells proceeded, the captain wth. Tenn Men whom Wm. Stewarts with & the Slave Woman & is Resolved if Possible to Compleat what he went abount to find them out and to make a peace as likewise the other party of Eight Men as went another way promise to perform the Same if possible, but the Indians as came says he is Afraid all the rest is Starvd, Wm. Stewart was very well when they left him wch. I Judge to be the latter end of November, or the beginning of December . . .

This report was confirmed a few days later, when more Indians of the party arrived, saying:

> . . . the reason they did not proceed was for the want of provissions and a Sickness that came Amongst them and the weather was so Extream badd upon the Barren Mountains wth Drift & Cold Snow and for want of fireing they all had like to have perish'd and drove to it so hard for Victualls that they was forc'd to Live upon the Moss as grows upon the Rocks haveing nothing else to Subsist on that there Captain did order them to Separate themselves for self preservation and bidd them go back Again but he was resolved to proceed they think severall of them were perishd for they came to two Places where they had killd there Doggs & eat them and by there removeing so little ways when they pitchd there tents they beleive they were Drove to the last Extremity . . .

These Indians estimated that the party had travelled at least six hundred miles from the factory.

To the joy of Governor Knight and all at the factory, on 7th May, 1716, William Stewart and his party arrived at York, accompanied by ten of the Northern Indians. Knight pays the following tribute to the members of the expedition:

> . . . They are the Cleverest fellows as I ever see in the Country, they have done there Bussiness without any Bloodshedd they had a most Misserable fatigue in doing of it and have undergon a Great deal of Hardships both for hunger and cold and hard travelling. the Indian slave Woman as I sent wth them has been the Chief Instrument in finishing of it what has been done, for when they came up with the Indians track they followed it twill they came up with a tent that some of our Indians had been at and Murdered the Indians finding 9 of them killd newly lying in the tent dead but some had made there Escape and it Surprizd the Capt. & Wm. Stewart they thinking now all there fatigue and trouble would come to Nothing but began to Consider for there owne Safety and thought to Return back and it was as much as ever the Indian Woman and Wm Stewart could do to persuade them to the Contrary the Woman bid them Stay where they was and shee would follow there tracks as had made there Escape and persuaded them to Stay in that place for Ten Days and if she did not find em in that time nor come back they might return in the Mean time Wm. Stewart had much ado to keep the Indians from returning back . . . on the tenth Day when they were Resolv'd to Stay there no Longer the Woman came and hollow'd and made her Signall she had found some Indians . . .

She said she had found over four hundred of the Northern Indians, and that one hundred and sixty had been persuaded to accompany her back:

> . . . But the Woman had made her self so hoarse with her perpetuall talking to her Country Men in persuadin them to come with her that shee could hardly Speak . . .

The mission had been successfully accomplished, and promises had been given by this great tribe of Northern Indians that they would hunt for the

Company and bring their skins down to York fort to trade. Governor Knight's delight is shown by the following entry:

> . . . By this Success I believe our Company may begin to be thought a rich Company in a few Years and if it please God to preserve me with Life and health to go through with what I design being Assur'd there is that will make them great but it must be some time before it will be done because our Summers are so Short and the Winters so Excessive Long and Cold . . .

As to the Indian woman, Knight writes that William Stewart told him:

> . . . He never See one of Such a Spirit in his Life. She kept all the Indians in awe as she went with and never Spared in telling them of their Cowardly way of Killing her Country Men that he was Often Afraid that they would have killed her had not I given them such a strict charge not to Abuse her and when she came with her Country Men to them she made them all Stand in fear of her she Scolded at Some and pushing of others that they all stood in fear and forcd them to ye peace Indeed she has a Divellish Spirit and I beleive that if thare were but 50 of her Country Men of the Same Carriage and Resolution they would drive all the Northern Indians in America out of there Country. Now she lies here she doth Awe her Country Men they dare hardly speak to her and spares none of our Indians in telling how basely they killed 9 of there people when they had Smokd the friendly pipe to make a peace . . .

As a result of these reports of the country to the north, Knight is convinced of the necessity of establishing Churchill, as is evidenced by his journal entry of 10th May, 1716:

> . . . But lett things be never so difficult please God to Spare me Life and health I will endeavour to find a way to come at both either by trade or a Vessell but they lye all on the west Sea Allmost I design God willing to winter at Churchill River next Winter my Self although no Man can be Sensible of the fatigues and Hardships I shall meet with in that Northern country where the cold is so Severe the Days so Short . . . but this I am sure within 3 or 4 Years all the rest of your Country will be as nothing to your trade to the Norward . .

Governor James Knight continued to prepare for the establishment of Churchill, but the non-arrival of the ship from England caused him great anxiety throughout the winter of 1715-16, as he was afraid large numbers of Northern Indians would arrive at York to trade only to find a shortage of provisions and trading goods, which would lead them to think they had been deceived by William Stewart's expedition; he well knew that such a discovery might end in disaster for the little European settlement at York. It was his intention to send the Indian slave woman to Churchill River in the spring with messages to the Indians there, but this plan did not materialize as she was taken ill early in January and died on 5th February, on which day we find the following entry in the journal:

> . . . This Morning the Northern Slave Woman departed her Life after about Seven Weeks Illness. The Missfortune in Looseing her will be very Prejudiciall to the Companys Interest: she was to have gon About the Middle of Aprill with all her Country Men and 2 English Men as I had design'd with them as farr as Churchill River the 2 English Men & Slave Boy to have Stayd their twill I come and she was to go wth the rest and tell her Country Men that I was comeing to build at Churchill River and Settle a Trade their with them and for a further Confirmation she was to lett them know that 2 English Men & one of her Country Men was waiteing there twill I came with a Vessell for ye Ice . . . She had made Such Proposalls to Me to bring the trade of that Country to Churchill River & had promised that she would never rest twill she had Compleated it by going among all the Nations thereabouts & to Acquaint them what Commoditys wee deal for & what Seasons they must Gett there Skins in and how they must Dress them & Stretch em And further Said upon Consideration of my makeing her brother a Captain he should Go

amongst them Indians that had the Yellow Mettle and she would go with him to see that he performed his Bussiness as he shou'd do and that her Brother and a great many more had been with them but two Years before she went to make the peace and that they had seen them Indians as had hoops about there heads & handcuffs of Yellow Mettle they did not understand one another word but by Signs they made to each other they was very Good Friends when they parted and feasted one another she said she did not expect to do what she went about before 2 Years & half was Expired but she would send in all the Indians as soon as possible to trade & that there was a 11 Great Nations as was there friends as Understood one Another and that their is 5 Great Nations bordering upon their friends that does not Understand each other but does marry one amongst another . . . She was one of a very high Spirit and of the Firmest Resolution that every I see in any Body in my Days and of great Courage & forecast also Endued with an Extraordinary vivacity of Apprehension Readily takeing any thing right as was porposd to her & Presently Gives her Opinion whether it would doo or not And I am Sure the Death of her was a very Considerable Loss to the Company for she wintering here allmost 2 Years with us & going one Year to make the peace and being Chief promoter and Acter in it wch. has caused respect to her & carry'd Allso a Great sway among the Indians and that she knowd well Enough . . . I am so Concerned for her Death and for fear of the rest so Dangerously Ill as they bee that I am almost ready to break my heart to think how I be Dissapointed in this Undertaking wherein I had such a fair Prosspect of Ye bussiness as would prove so advantagious to the Companys Flourishing. . .

The finest Weather wee have had any Day this Season but the most Melancholys't by the Loss of her.

Indian Wisdom

THE youthful Apache Indian was carefully trained by his elders for the life which nature and environment had designed him. This is as all young should be trained. He was taught that life itself, so far as he was concerned, depended on his ability to take care of himself. One important thing, he had to learn to keep still. Will Levington Comfort, in his book, "Apache," brings this point out very clearly:

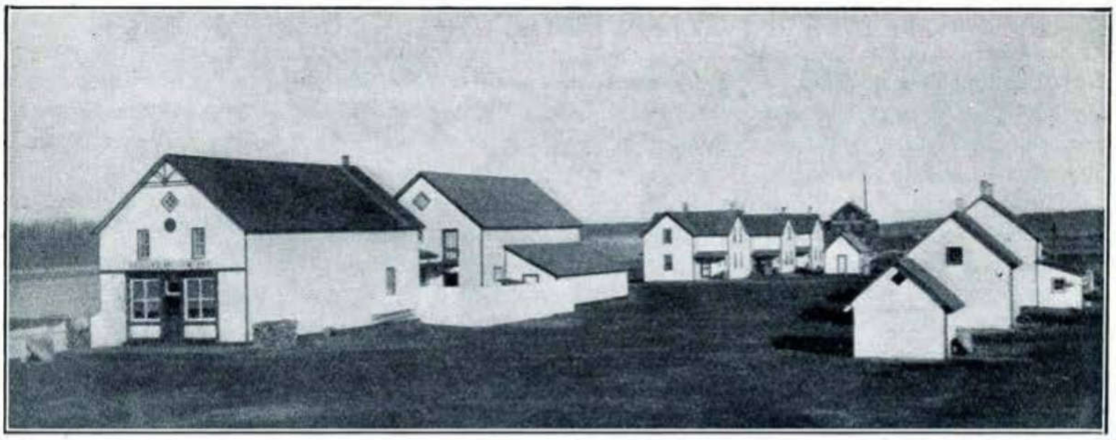
"It is not only a matter of sitting still, but of thinking still, of emptying the mind. If you do not wish your adversary to know your plan, you must not even think it when he is near, until the instant of the coup. This is a far deeper fold of the game than a mere motionless huddling against a rock. It has to do with the science of invisibility mentioned in high medicine lore."

He voices another subtle truth instilled into the Apache pupil:

"One may be light-headed or inflated over sudden good fortune when it is stolen or falls his way by chance, but when one earns a thing in the long slow way of thoughts carried out, he has also earned the strength and balance to carry that thing in the form of knowledge and authority."

Again, the Apache in Comfort's story acquired a power over his fellows by surer means than shouting them down:

"He did not have to raise his voice, because others listened better; they came closer and bowed to hear. He had to say less because they gave him attention. . . . The man who speaks loudly or emphasizes with blows, has not earned his place, even if he occupies the place of a leader. He has stolen it or it has fallen his way by chance. Sooner or later he will lose it and sink back where he belongs."



Fort Vermilion Post, Athabasca District

Hudson's Bay Company Posts

Mackenzie River - Athabasca Districts

NO. 5—FORT VERMILION

By GEORGE PENDLETON
Mackenzie River-Athabasca Districts

OVER five hundred acres of fertile land fenced and cultivated, green lawns and gardens, more than thirty buildings in orderly array, and running the length of it a broad, majestic river: that is Fort Vermilion, in itself a village on the south bank of the Peace river. Two hundred and eighty miles from a railroad, it is served by a fleet of steamers in the summer, has a monthly mail in the winter, and recently has been linked with the "outside" by a telegraph line.

The early history of the post is somewhat obscure. Apparently several posts have existed in the neighbourhood at various periods. One of them bore the name of "Fort Liard," and another was called "Fort des Trembles." John Boyer, of the North-West Company, seems to have been the first trader to build there, for in 1788 he erected a building on the bank of the river now bearing his name. Then in 1800, we hear of a Mr. Clark being in charge of a trading establishment. For a time he was employed elsewhere, but in 1815-16 he was back again. Clark was a martinet, and during his regime there was a great scarcity of game animals. Everyone around suffered, and among the native population cannibalism prevailed for a while.

The first record we have of the post being called "Fort Vermilion" is in David Thompson's narrative of his journey of 1804. The name of the post is probably derived from a pigment found locally, which when mixed with oil produced a paint much in favour with early traders. Old Fort Edmonton was painted with such a mixture. Though the buildings have not been painted in such manner within memory, it is interesting to note that the name remains in the speech of both the Indian tribes found in the surrounding territory. By the Crees the post is called *Y-a-men Wos-ki-gan*, and by the Beavers *T'see-dee quan*, both names meaning "Bright red house."

Many well known officers of the Company have been in charge of Fort Vermilion, among them being William "Squire" Shaw, Donald Ross, Roderick MacFarlane, James McDougall, Henry J. Moberly, Chief Trader Traill, Frank D. Wilson, and A. P. W. Clarke who is a descendant of Chief Factor Peter Warren Dease. The present manager is Norman Henry.

For many years, the fort was the chief establishment of the Company on the lower Peace River, all other posts being rated as its outposts. Though the exigencies of the fur trade have shorn it of much of its former importance, it is still the principal post on the river. Of late years many white people have moved into the district, though a large number of Indians still trade there.

The Dominion Government maintains an experimental farm at Fort Vermilion, where wonderful results are obtained. There is also a resident doctor, while both the Anglican and Roman Catholic churches have for many years conducted missions near the fort.

* * *

Cover Picture

Our cover picture this time has no particular Hudson's Bay Company significance. It is just a beautiful Canadian summer scene, showing Waterton Lake, with the Goathaunt Mountain and Cleveland Mountain in the distance, in Waterton Lakes National Park.

* * *

A Fur Trader's Exhortation

TOWARD the end of his book, "Men of the Hudson's Bay Company," Mr. N. M. W. J. McKenzie, who was in the service of the Company for forty years and is now living in retirement, on pension, in Winnipeg, makes an exhortation to the young people of today which is well worthy of reproduction at this time:

"It was not all plain sailing during these forty years for any of us who wished to get ahead to more responsible positions. There were many sacrifices to be made, many difficulties to be overcome, many dangers to go through, many temptations to overcome, many long years to wait, that without a fixed purpose in life would surely drive you to despair and failure. Many young fellows of my own age made a good start but, from one cause or another, dropped by the wayside, not for want of ability, but for lack of will power and determination to continue and carry on. This is the moral of my whole story to every young man and young woman starting in life: no matter what line of business you intend to follow, first be sure that you choose a line that you are suited for, then set up an ideal as high or higher than ever you may reasonably expect to reach; use every legitimate means to make yourself an expert in your work, to master it and make it work for you, and stick to it. Don't be afraid to work and turn your hands to anything that is required to be done; don't be continually watching the clock. Pursue your ideal squarely and fairly, if you do not ultimately reach it, you will not be very far away from it. Money is not everything, pleasure is not everything; but the knowledge of work faithfully and well done will gain you both."

What Wise Men Say

TWO WAYS OF HAPPINESS—There are two ways of being happy:. We may either diminish our wants or augment our means—either will do—the result is the same; and it is for each man to decide for himself, and do that which happens to be the easiest. If you are idle or sick or poor, however hard it may be to diminish your wants, it will be harder to augment your means. If you are active and prosperous or young or in good health, it may be easier for you to augment your means than to diminish your wants. But if you are wise you will do both at the same time, young or old, rich or poor, sick or well; and if you are very wise you will do both in such a way as to augment the general happiness of society.—*Franklin.*

CAPTAINS OF INDUSTRY—Why should anyone envy the captains of industry? Their lives are made up of those vast, incessant worries from which the average individual is happily spared. Worry, worry, that is the evil of life. What do I consider the nearest approximation to happiness of which the present human nature is capable? Why, living on a farm which is one's own, far from the hectic, artificial conditions of the city—a farm where one gets directly from one's own soil what one needs to sustain life, with a garden in front and a healthy, normal family to contribute those small domestic joys which relieve a man from business strain.—*Edison.*

THE FRIENDSHIP OF BOOKS—Book love, my friends, is your pass to the greatest, the purest, and the most perfect pleasure that God has prepared for His creatures. It lasts when all other pleasures fade. It will support you when all other recreations are gone. It will last you until your death. It will make your hours pleasant to you as long as you live.—*Anthony Trollope.*

WORK, PLAY AND DREAMS—Be glad of life because it gives you the chance to love and to work and to play and to look up at the stars.—*Henry Van Dyke.*

THE FUTILITY OF COMPULSION—One fact that stands out in bold relief in the history of men's attempts for betterment. That is that when compulsion is used, only resentment is aroused, and the end is not gained. Only through moral suasion and appeal to men's reason can a movement succeed.—*Samuel Gompers.*

EDUCATION'S GIFT TO YOUTH—Let no youth have any anxiety about the upshot of his education, whatever the line of it may be. If he keep faithfully busy each hour of the working day, he may safely leave the final result to itself. He can with perfect certainty count on waking up some fine morning to find himself one of the competent ones of his generation in whatever pursuit he may have singled out. Silently, between all the details of his business, the power of judging in all that class of matter will have built itself up within him as a possession that will never pass away. Young people should know this truth in advance. The ignorance of it has probably engendered more discouragement and faintheartedness in youths embarking on arduous careers than all other causes put together.—*William James.*

Sable and Marten

By S. HOPFENKOPF, Hudson's Bay Company, London

1—THE SABLE

BOTH sable and marten are beasts of prey and are members of the marten family. They are noted for their agility, and are able to creep, leap and swim excellently. When climbing, they know how to grip the branches in exactly the right manner and so preserve their balance.

These creatures' faculties of smell, hearing and sight are all equally developed, and the senses of taste and touch are also very pronounced. The mental powers, too, are quite extensive, for the sable and marten are clever, cunning, suspicious, cautious, exceedingly full of courage and very bloodthirsty.

During the day, they usually rest in their hiding places, but at dusk, sometimes before sunset, they become active and go hunting all the animals they think they can overpower, from reindeer fawn and hare to small mice. Squirrels are in great danger from the attacks of the members of this species, and both sable and marten are equally ferocious with all kinds of birds, chickens especially regarding them as their bitterest enemies. They plunder birds' nests and sometimes visit beehives in order to steal the honey, while their diet is often varied with fruit and all kinds of berries.

Should the forest not offer them sufficient means of nourishment, they will not hesitate to approach civilization, enter chicken runs and pigeon cotes, kill the birds most cruelly and devastate their dwellings far more brutally than any other beast of prey, except members of the same family.

The mother animal guards her young most carefully until they are strong enough to learn from her how to climb and spring about the trees. At first the little ones are very nervous and irresolute, but after a few trials they master the various feats she shows them and climb with such gusto and take such hazards that the gambols of foxes and cats seem in comparison like child's play. When following the mother through the trees, the young animals seem to become more active, sinuous and courageous every moment, and as they display such an amount of agility, it is not surprising that the birds are so frightened of them.

The sable is one of the most precious furs in existence, and the best specimens have extra, extra dark top hair with steel-blue under hair, and are silky and rough. During the war, the highest price reached in London was £140 for a lot of Yakutsky extra, extra dark skins.

Sables were originally found in North Russia and the whole of Northern Siberia, and in the sixteenth century considerable quantities of dark sables came from the districts of Petchora, Archangel and Perm. The abundance of animals in former years was almost phenomenal, and for a long time the Russian and Siberian governments accepted the skins in payment of taxes, duties, etc. For instance, in 1586 Siberia paid Russia a levy of 50,000 timbers, which amounts to 2,000,000 skins. I found these figures in an old Russian book on Siberian furs, and it is doubtful if they are absolutely correct, but they must be more or less true. From the same source, I learned that in 1594 the Czar

Theodor, son of Ivan the Terrible, sent 40,360 sable skins to Vienna to subsidize a war against Turkey. It is also known that in olden times so numerous were the sables that, when peasants found a suitable place in the forest to build a village, they were able to kill the animals with sticks before commencing to erect the village. The continued persecution of the sables caused them to retreat into the darkest forests between the River Lena and the Arctic Sea, and nowadays no sables at all are found in the North Russian districts.

The sable lives in forests and prefers coniferous woods. The colour and beauty of the fur depend partly on the density and shade of the forest, but, of course, climatic conditions and food also are of the greatest importance. The food of the sable consists of cedar nuts, larch and fir cones, and he is very fond of honey, as well as fish, small birds, mice and squirrels.

The following well known kinds of sables I have classed according to their quality and value: Yakutsky, Barguzinsky, Vitimsky, Tchikoysky, Zeysky, Kamchatka, Sansinsky, Altaisky, Lensky, Amursky, Nicolaievsky, Saghaliensky, Yeneseisky and Tobolsky.

In order to impart a good appearance both as regards quality and colour, most sable skins of the better varieties are made broader and shorter than their natural shape during the drying process, and on an average are about ten inches long, excluding the tail.

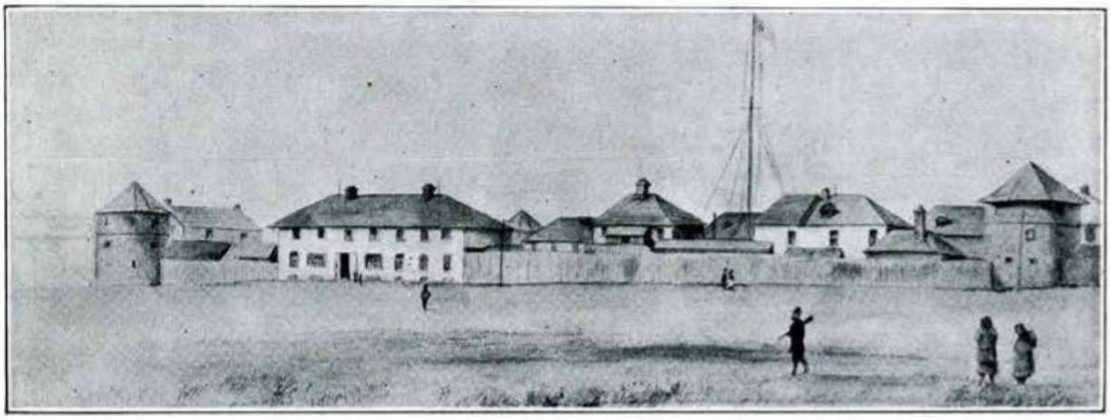
The sable is a very cautious animal and very difficult to trap. I was told by Siberian hunters that it sometimes takes them weeks to catch a sable. Hitherto, sables have been trapped by various old-fashioned means, but recent reports from Kamchatka state that a new method is now being extensively adopted. A mirror about half a yard square, with a trap in front of it, is placed on the snow. The reflection of the sun attracts the attention of the sable, who comes forward and, seeing his image in the glass, thinks he has found a playmate, attempts to fight and so falls into the trap.

Sable fur is very sensitive to light and, in order to preserve the beautiful dark shade, should be kept in a dark place. A good method is to keep the skins in a tightly closed case, but undoubtedly the best way is to keep them in bundles in a dark cloth bag so that no light can enter. Siberian hunters sometimes attempt to darken sable skins by artificial means, but, as they have no knowledge of dyeing, skins which have been tampered with can easily be recognized. Some hunters, however, are very skilful in colouring the sable with lead shot, which they put inside the fur and shake in such a manner that the skin becomes dark evenly. Other trappers understand how to smoke the fur, and it requires expert knowledge to detect skins which have been treated in this way. Raw skins which have been smoked or lead coloured appear to be dark, but after dressing they return to their natural shade. Sable dressing is a very skilful operation, as the raw skin is often thin and any damage to the skin or fur would, of course, reduce the value to a great extent.

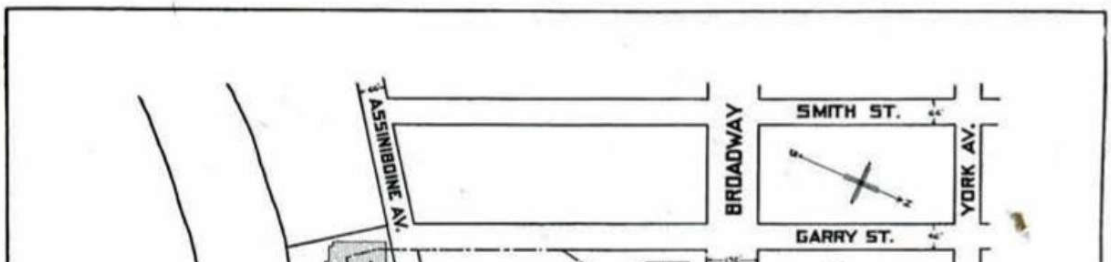
Generally, sables are graded according to their colour, as extra, extra dark; extra dark; dark; dark brown; brown; pale brown and yellow skins, and also slightly silvery, silvery and extra silvery.

Very few houses handling large quantities of raw sables make a strict assortment; the majority of firms handling these skins sort according to colour only, without regard to size and quality.

Fort Garry



Fort Garry About 1876, East, fronting on what is now Main Street, showing general store. The entrance, prior to this period, was through the south gate.


SMITH ST.
ASSINIBOINE AV.
BROADWAY
YORK AV.
GARRY ST.
FORT ST.
FORT ROUGE DISTRICT
MAIN STREET BRIDGE
MAIN ST.
CALLED GARRY ST AT FIRST – AFTER GOV. N. GARRY
UNION STATION
HUDSON'S BAY FLATS
NOW C.N. RLY YARDS
ON THESE FLATS IN FRONT OF THE FORT, THE CARTS WERE LOADED FOR THE WEST
H.B. Co GRIST MILLS
IT HAS BEEN GENERALLY UNDERSTOOD THAT LA VERENDRYE'S FORT ROUGE WAS BUILT ON THIS POINT, BUT INVESTIGATION SHOWS THAT IT WAS ON THE NORTH SIDE OF THE JUNCTION
Assiniboine River
Red River
1 GENERAL DEPARTMENT
2 GOVERNOR'S RESIDENCE
3 FLOUR STORE
4 POWDER MAGAZINE
5 ARMOURY
6 MEN'S QUARTERS
7 RECORDER'S RESIDENCE
8 GENERAL STORE
9 OFFICERS' QUARTERS (Mess Room)
10 OFFICERS & CLERKS QUARTERS
11 OFFICERS RESIDENCE
12 INLAND DEPOT
13 FUR STORE
14 PEMMICAN STORE
15 GATEWAY (STILL IN EXISTENCE)
16 BLACKSMITH & CARPENTER
17 GAOL & COURTHOUSE
18 LIQUOR STORE
UPPER FORT GARRY
IN 1876
THE FORT WAS DEMOLISHED TO PERMIT OF THE STRAIGHTENING OF MAIN STREET (1881 TO 1884)
SCALE OF FEET
Drawn by F.B. Hazel
THOMAS W. LESLIE, WINNIPEG
from information supplied by him

Plan of Upper Fort Garry, drawn by F. B. Hazel for Thomas W. Leslie, Winnipeg, from information supplied by the latter. Above sketch and plan reproduced by kind permission of Mr. Leslie. (See also Dr. C. N. Bell's booklet, "The Old Forts of Winnipeg, 1927)

Fur Trade Causerie

FUR TRADE COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE

The M.S. *Karise*, mentioned in the last issue as having been chartered to supply the fur trade posts in the Western Arctic district, sailed from Vancouver on June 30. Captain John Murray is master and R. J. Summers and A. V. Kightly are first and second officers respectively. P. Patmore accompanied the vessel as supercargo.

J. D. J. Forbes, manager of the Company's London fur warehouse, made an extended visit to Canada during May and June. During that time, accompanied by the fur trade commissioner and H. P. Warne, he visited the majority of the Company's offices and agencies and the principal fur centres in Canada and the United States.

During the early part of July, the fur trade commissioner spent some time in Montreal and later proceeded to Newfoundland and Labrador to visit the posts there.

H. P. Warne accompanied A. M. Jones to Calgary, where a fur purchasing agency has again been opened up with Mr. Jones in charge.

During July and August F. L. Heyes, of the Toronto fur purchasing agency, visited a number of posts in the Superior-Huron and Labrador districts, instructing the staff there in fur grading.

Among our visitors at the office, during the past three months, we have had Bishop Dewdney; Bishop Turquetil; Alex. Flett, who is now residing near Pine Falls; J. Cadham, of Canadian Explosives Limited; F. T. Davies and Professor Currie, of the Meteorological Department, Ottawa; Rev. Garrett, Trout Lake; Captain Morris, of the *Fort Severn*; C. R. Reiach, of the Western Arctic district, returning from a furlough in Scotland; R. Patterson, of Beren's River; A. M. and Mrs. Chalmers, of Fort Alexander; John R. Ford, now transferred to the Western Arctic district; J. L. Ford, returning from furlough to the Nelson River district; F. J. Mitchell, of Pas Mountain, now transferred to Montreal Lake; Harvey Weber, The Pas; W. S. Carson, transferred to Fort Vermilion; Messrs. Harry and Bert Moore, of the *Fort Severn*; J. G. Woolison, of The Pas fur purchasing agency, now temporarily attached to the Mackenzie River Transport; E. A. Black, of Pukatawagan post; R. Walker, Fond du Lac post; J. Runcie, Pukatawagan post, now transferred to Island Lake post; Apprentice W. Hendry, Deer Lake post, now transferred to Island Lake post; F. W. Whiteway, Sandy Lake outpost; S. Leggo, Fort Smith post; J. A. McDonald, York Factory; Apprentice A. E. Hodgkinson, Moose Factory, now transferred to God's Lake post.

J. and Mrs. Cantley left Winnipeg on 20th July for Scotland on a holiday trip.

H. P. Warne left Winnipeg for London, England, on 6th August, on a business trip.

Congratulations to W. C. and Mrs. Nelson on the birth of a daughter.

E. and Mrs. Watson (Fur Trade depot) have been receiving congratulations on the birth of a daughter on May 20.

F. L. Thornton, until recently attached to the Edmonton fur purchasing agency, is assisting at the inspection of Superior-Huron posts.

Congratulations are in order for George A. Cruickshank, of F.T.C.O., on the occasion of his marriage to Miss G. Rigg at Fort Garry on August 13. We wish the young couple success and happiness.

W. M. Conn visited Trout Lake by plane during the latter part of June and brought out the furs from that post. Two forced landings between Trout Lake and Sioux Lookout made the trip a very interesting one.

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BRITISH COLUMBIA DISTRICT

On 17th August the Fur Trade staff, British Columbia district, presented a secretary desk to Factor Wm. Ware as an expression of their regard for him and their regret at his retirement. W. W. Anderson was in town from Hazelton, which made the gathering all the more representative. Factor A. B. Cumming made the presentation and Factor William Ware suitably responded.

The district manager left Vancouver on 30th May inspecting Telegraph Creek, Dease Lake, McDames Creek and Liard posts, and returned to Vancouver on 11th July. He left again on 1st August to visit the other posts throughout the district.

A few transfers of staff were effected on 1st June. H. J. C. Walker, bookkeeper at Hazelton, was promoted to charge of Kitwanga, taking with him A. D. MacIntosh as assistant.

O. B. Utterstrom was transferred from charge of Kitwanga to McLeod's Lake, and Jas. Ware, his assistant, was moved to Babine outpost. J. E. McIntyre has retired from McLeod's Lake. L. T. Kempple, of Babine outpost, was transferred to charge of Whitewater, one of our most remote posts, and J. Melnyk from Whitewater to Fort Grahame. Fred Ware, formerly with the Western Arctic district, was transferred to Fort St. James as assistant. W. G. Crisp, bookkeeper at Telegraph Creek, was given charge of Dease Lake post, replacing Geo. Edgar, who was transferred to McDames Creek.

Among the visitors at the district office were the following: The Fur Trade Commissioner and H. P. Warne from Winnipeg, and J. D. J. Forbes, of London; Captain and Mrs. Delap, who proceeded to Telegraph Creek to take charge of

S.S. Baychimo, at Coppermine, August, 1930, on Her Last Successful Voyage. She was lost in the Arctic the following year.
Photo by Pilot W. E. Gilbert, F.R.G.S.

the Anglican Mission; R. J. Summers, first officer for M.S. *Karise*, who arrived from England, and Captain Murray, who arrived to take charge of the vessel; P. A. Chester, general manager; E. W. Fletcher, controller; Chief Factor C. H. French (retired); M. Maclachlan, of London.

Reports show that there has been an unusually large amount of rain throughout the province this summer. The frequent promises of fine weather have been followed continually by heavy rains, causing high water in the rivers.

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MACKENZIE RIVER TRANSPORT

S.S. *Northland Echo* left Waterways on her first voyage of the season to Fort Fitzgerald on Thursday, May 19, and has since then maintained her schedule.

S.S. *Distributor* sailed from Fort Smith to Aklavik on 20th June with a heavier passenger list than usual. Prominent people on board were: J. Bartleman and G. Duncan, Mackenzie-Athabasca district; R. H. G. Bonnycastle, F. R. Ross, J. R. Ford, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Gall, Western Arctic district; J. W. Campbell, G. A. Slater, A. L. Sawle, S. Steed, Northern Traders Limited; Colonel H. G. Reid, Mackenzie River Transport; Inspector D. J. Martin and fifteen constables, R.C.M.P.; Bishop W. A. Geddes, Rev. J. W. Johnson and Rev. and Mrs. R. McLean, Church of England; E. C. Stovel, Winnipeg, and G. C. Winlow, Toronto; R. W. McKinnon and L. Kvindegard, Imperial Oil Limited, and A. M. Kirkpatrick and fourteen men, Department of Public Works, Bear River Portage Road.

As usual, considerable interest was taken in the wide range of freight handled, and that there is a decidedly hopeful feeling about the future of the district was evidenced by large shipments to the Norman wells of Imperial Oil Limited, which have been capped for a number of years, to the mining companies in Great Bear Lake, to the Department of Public Works, Bear Rapids, to the Arctic Mission, Aklavik, of an X-ray outfit, and of general merchandise of all kinds.

There has been a considerable increase in freight shipments to Great Bear Lake, where the mineral discoveries are compared with the greatest finds at Cobalt or elsewhere. The department has benefited by this, although many mining outfits have gone down north under their own power.

M.T. *Liard River* was ordered to Fort Norman to assist in handling the freight through the difficult channels on Bear River.

Captain E. B. Haight, master of M.B. *Canadusa*, was granted a pension by the Canadian Committee from 1st June, 1932. On the occasion of his retirement from active command and prior to his departure for his home in Edmonton, he was entertained by the staff and friends at Waterways and presented with a suitably inscribed clock as a token of the esteem and regard in which he is held by all.

Colonel H. G. Reid visited Edmonton on July 25, and returned on August 3.

The Waterways staff and friends held a most enjoyable picnic on Sunday, 31st July, when a large party went up the Clearwater river about ten miles by motor boat and scow. The majority of those present spent a considerable time swimming in the river.

Our tennis tournaments are evoking keen competition. The games are all closely contested, and there is considerable speculation as to the winners.

MACKENZIE-ATHABASCA DISTRICT

The district manager spent a few days early in June at LeGoff and Cold Lake posts. On June 14 he left for Waterways for a summer inspection of the Mackenzie river district. Since then he has visited every post in the district with the exception of Fond du Lac, covering in all some five thousand miles by train, steamer, canoe, motor boat and aeroplane.

On 1st June we opened a new post, Fort Franklin, on Great Bear Lake. George E. Duncan has been placed in charge.

Apprentice Clerk M. A. S. Dunn retired from the service in June and returned to England on account of the ill health of his father.

The following changes have been made in the staff of the district: W. R. Garbutt transferred from Fort Wrigley to Fort Simpson post; M. V. Morgan transferred from Fort Simpson to Fort Wrigley as manager; Apprentice Clerk J. R. Pullman transferred from Fort Fitzgerald to Fort Smith; Apprentice Clerk W. J. S. Mills transferred from Fort Vermilion to Fort Fitzgerald; Apprentice Clerk I. S. Williams transferred from Fort St. John to Fort Simpson; Apprentice Clerk J. G. Craig has been transferred from Fort McPherson to Nelson Forks.

D. J. Broomfield, manager of Snowdrift post, retired from the service July 1, 1932.

Apprentice J. Sime has recovered from the injuries sustained to his foot when he froze it severely last winter. He has now returned to his post.

C. S. Leggo, of Fort Smith, called at district office in July en route to Regina, where he will spend a short holiday.

H. Gallagher, of Wabasca, arrived in Edmonton in August for a brief stay.

Mrs. W. M. I. Skinner and two small children passed through Edmonton in August en route from Aberdeen, Scotland, to Fort Good Hope, N.W.T., to join her husband.

R. Walker, post manager at Fond du Lac, passed through Edmonton in July en route to Winnipeg. He called at district office and received our congratulations on taking unto himself a wife.

We extend our congratulations to A. H. Russell, of Hudson's Hope post, whose wife presented him with a son on June 6.

We had the pleasure of a visit from E. W. Fletcher, of Winnipeg, during the month of August.

In connection with the loss of an aeroplane and the death of Lieut. Andy Cruickshank and two mechanics, of the Western Canada Airways, between Fort Rae and Great Bear Lake, an interesting report has drifted out from Fort Rae: An aged member of the Dogrib tribe, much revered as a medicine man, when he heard that an aeroplane was overdue, announced that he intended to "make medicine" in the hope of finding it. Leaving his camp, he ascended a rocky hill near Fort Rae. After remaining in retirement for some hours, the figure of the little old man was seen stumbling down the hillside. "No use hunting for white men. They are dead. Ask white men to take me in aeroplane: I will show them where to go," he told a resident in the settlement, through an interpreter. He was not taken, but subsequent developments proved the uncanny accuracy of his "medicine."

Four Total 134 Years H B C Service

One hundred and thirty-four years of service in the Hudson's Bay Company is the record held by four of the gentlemen shown in the above group taken at the annual staff picnic of Victoria store at Elk Lake on Wednesday, August 3. Included in the picture are C. H. French, former fur trade commissioner, with forty-four years of service to his credit; Chris Harding, former factor at Moose Factory with thirty years of service; G. H. Robson, for some time at Fort Simpson, with twenty-five years of service; and Walter Fowles, former head of the Company's Montreal buying office, with thirty-five years of service. Among others in the group are Mrs. French, Mrs. Harding, Mrs. Robson, Mrs. Fowles, Mr. A. J. Watson, manager of the Company's Victoria store, and Mrs. Watson.

WESTERN ARCTIC DISTRICT

The M.S. *Karise* left Vancouver on the annual voyage into the district on July 6. Owing to engine trouble she did not arrive at Herschel Island until August 5, and the last news we had of her was that she had arrived at Baillie Island on August 11. At the time of writing, August 13, it is thought that she will proceed eastward only as far as Fort Hearne, and freight will be delivered from there on by auxiliary vessels.

Those servants who travelled via the ill-fated *Baychimo* from Vancouver last year, will remember meeting at Wainwright, Alaska, a party from Los Angeles who were making a film of the North with the help of local natives, etc. It will interest them to know that this film, called "Igloo," has now been released and is quite a success. It was shown in Winnipeg during the month of August.

R. H. G. Bonnycastle, the district manager, Mr. and Mrs. Gall, Messrs. Ross, Ford and Reiach, travelled to the district via Mackenzie River Transport service in June.

L. T. Rader has returned from the Rochester clinic, Minnesota, where he has been receiving treatment for an old bullet wound.

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SASKATCHEWAN DISTRICT

R. A. Talbot, district manager, left Winnipeg on June 12 and expects to return on August 26 after visiting the following posts: Pelican Narrows, Montreal Lake, Lac la Ronge, Green Lake, Ile a la Crosse, Souris River, Stanley and Pine River.

The following staff changes have taken place since June 1, 1932: J. Stewart, post manager, Montreal Lake, transferred to Clear Lake post; G. C. M. Collins, post manager, Island Lake, transferred to Norway House post; J. Runcie, post manager, Pukatawagan post, Nelson River district, transferred to Island Lake post; F. J. Mitchell, post manager, Pas Mountain, transferred to Montreal Lake post; W. Gowans, apprentice clerk, Ile a la Crosse, transferred to Pas Mountain, where he is now manager; J. Gowans, apprentice clerk, Norway House, transferred to Ile a la Crosse post; W. Hendry, apprentice clerk, Deer Lake, transferred to Island Lake post; A. H. Stirling, apprentice clerk, Island Lake, transferred to Deer Lake post.

We welcome A. E. Hodgkinson, apprentice clerk, who has now joined our district from James Bay. Mr. Hodgkinson will be located at God's Lake post.

N. M. Ogilvie, Clear Lake, visited district office in June en route to Scotland.

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SUPERIOR-HURON DISTRICT

District Manager S. J. C. Cumming visited the following posts during the summer: Kagainagami, Fort Hope, Lansdowne House, English River, Ogoki, Mattice, Temagami, Missanabie, Montizambert, Nipigon and Nipigon House.

J. H. A. Wilmot, who has been associated with this district since 1919, has been transferred to Montreal office.

R. G. Clake has been transferred to the charge of Nipigon post. J. A. Wynd, formerly of St. Lawrence-Labrador district, replaces Mr. Clake at Allanwater.

A. Hughes has been transferred to the management of Osnaburgh, and L. O. Bastow, formerly of Nelson River district, to Lac Seul post.

Apprentice M. S. Cook is now stationed at Temagami post.

J. R. Patience is on two months' leave of absence, visiting his relatives in Scotland. W. S. Franklin is relieving Mr. Patience at Grassy Narrows.

Mrs. J. Mathieson, Ogoki, was a visitor at district office in July.

Inspector M. Cowan recently visited Minaki, Hudson, Pine Ridge, Red Lake, Cat Lake and Osnaburgh posts.

Apprentice James Delaney, formerly of Main post, Labrador district, has been transferred to Long Lake post.

Mrs. Wm. Murray and two children passed through Winnipeg en route to Lansdowne House early in August.

D. Donaldson, manager of Fort Hope post, visited Winnipeg in July.

NELSON RIVER DISTRICT

The M.S. *Fort Severn*, under the command of Capt. D. O. Morris, has already made one trip to Severn and York Factory posts, and one trip to Eskimo Point, Tavane and Chesterfield. She is on her way from Churchill to Wager Inlet and all intervening coastal posts. This will be the last trip that will be made this season.

The district manager is on his summer tour of inspection, and is expected to return to Winnipeg on or before October 1.

J. Runcie, of Pukatawagan post, has been transferred to Saskatchewan district. We welcome E. Black, of James Bay, who is to take his place.

W. Gordon, of Shamattawa, has resigned from the service.

J. R. MacDonald has been outside on a month's furlough, and returned to York Factory on 12th August.

N. Wilding has been in charge of the M.S. *Fort Severn* transport office at Churchill this season.

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ST. LAWRENCE-UNGAVA DISTRICT

Our Fur Trade Commissioner visited Montreal office whilst en route to St. John's, Newfoundland.

District Manager George Watson left Montreal on July 9 on board the S.S. *Ungava* on his annual inspection of the posts in the Ungava district.

P. Mehmel, late of the Winnipeg fur purchasing agency, arrived in June to take over the management of the Montreal fur purchasing agency in place of T. A. Sinclair, who has been transferred to the Winnipeg agency.

J. C. Atkins, formerly manager of the Montreal wholesale depot, has been transferred to Winnipeg.

J. Le Jandron arrived in Montreal early in June after an extended business trip throughout the west.

J. H. A. Wilmot is now in Montreal, having been transferred from the Superior-Huron district.

A. Copland, section manager, left on the S.S. *Ungava* to take charge of Ungava section.

Preparations are being made in the Montreal office for a fur show in honour of the representatives of the Imperial Conference, who are due to arrive on 12th August.

Apprentice O. K. Langley has been transferred from the Labrador district as assistant to Senneterre post.

Apprentice H. Allison was also transferred from the Labrador district as assistant at Weymontachingue post for temporary duties. On completion of same he will proceed to Mistassinny as assistant.

R. Thevenet was a visitor to the office during the past quarter.

On 16th July, Grand Lac post was struck by lightning and considerable damage was done to the building and stock by fire and water.

J. G. Boyd, of Grand Lac, passed through en route to Scotland on furlough.

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Graham on the birth of a son August 8. Mr. Graham is buyer at Montreal fur trade depot.

JAMES BAY DISTRICT

On 15th July the extension of the Temiskaming and Northern Ontario railway to tide-water at Moosonee was officially opened by Premier Henry, Mr. Justice Latchford and Hon. E. C. Drury, who drove three golden spikes to commemorate the three stages of construction of the railroad from North Bay to its terminus at Moosonee. One hundred and fifty invited guests were present and were brought to Moosonee in twenty private cars, on two special trains. After the opening ceremony, all white residents were invited to luncheon on the trains. During the afternoon Premier Henry and the majority of the other notables visited Moose Factory (three miles distant on Factory Island).

Our heartiest congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. H. Ambrose on the birth of a daughter at Moose Factory 15th June, 1932.

The M.K. *Fort Churchill* commenced operations on July 4, with Captain J. O. Nielsen again in charge and E. G. Cadney as chief engineer. At the time of writing she has called at Charlton Island, Rupert's House, Albany, Attawapiskat, Fort George and Great Whale River.

The M.S. *Fort Charles* is as usual delivering supplies to Lake River and Weenusk, in addition to Albany and Attawapiskat. Skipper J. W. Faries is in charge, with A. H. Michell as engineer.

The schooner *Fort Hope* delivered the supplies to Eastmain from Charlton.

This year is the first since 1668 that supplies for the trade of the posts in "ye bottom of ye Bay" have not come through Hudson Strait by ship. This season's supplies were shipped by rail to Moosonee and delivered to the coast posts by our own local vessels. Heavy supplies were delivered for the Roman Catholic mission at Albany, where Father Bilodeau is building a new convent, and also to Fort George, where the Anglican mission is building a new Indian residential school.

F. R. Bedford, formerly of the district office staff, has retired and returned to his home in London, England.

R. Thompson, of district office staff, has been stationed at Moosonee for the past two months receiving and despatching freight for the northern posts. A. H. Michell was superintending the tractor haulage prior to going on board the M.S. *Fort Charles* as engineer.

R. H. Cook, formerly of Ghost River outpost, has been appointed post manager at Weenusk, succeeding D. D. Mitchell, who is retiring from the service. R. B. Carson succeeds Mr. Cook at Ghost River.

R. Gordon returned from furlough in the United Kingdom on July 30 on his way to take charge of Fort George. Mrs. Gordon accompanied him. N. Ross, of Fort George, will go to Neoskweskau to replace G. W. Smith, on furlough.

R. J. Spalding has been transferred from Albany to Attawapiskat.

Mrs. R. M. Duncan is at present visiting her brother, W. T. Watt, at Moose.

J. S. C. Watt was a visitor to Moose Factory from Rupert's House in July.

H. N. Awrey, treaty paymaster, visited Weenusk, Attawapiskat, Albany and Moose Factory posts by aeroplane in July, leaving Moose Factory for Remi Lake on the morning of the 22nd.

Dr. W. L. Tyrer, Indian agent, has visited Albany, Attawapiskat, Charlton, Eastmain, Fort George and Great Whale River in his boat *Charles Stewart*.

Constable E. S. Covell, R.C.M.P., has visited Eastmain and Fort George.

Passengers to Fort George on August 5 were: Rev. and Mrs. Jones, A. G. Boas and T. Summers, all for the Anglican mission at that point. Rev. Canon Griffin will therefore have a considerably augmented staff this winter.

Rev. R. A. Joselyn has succeeded Rev. P. A. Northam at the Anglican mission, Albany.

Miss F. M. Harvie is the new matron of the Indian residential school at Moose, succeeding Miss E. Turner, transferred to the teaching staff.

Rev. Father Saindon, vicaire provincial for the Roman Catholic missions in James Bay, has made his usual inspection visits to the various missions on the Bay. On his trip to Fort George he was accompanied by Rev. Father Cooper, who is an anthropologist of note from Washington, D.C.

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LABRADOR DISTRICT

The M.S. *Fort James* and *Fort Garry* arrived from their first voyages to Labrador posts on June 12 and 15. The *Fort Garry* is on her second voyage.

H.M.S. *Challenger* is now in Labrador waters engaged in survey and scientific work in the vicinity of Nain post. Mr. Anstey, who is attached to the Empire Marketing Board, is one of the ship's company, and bore a letter of introduction from the London office. Mr. Anstey is engaged in making a picture of Labrador.

At time of writing, the S.S. *Blue Peter* is returning from England, having discharged her cargo of frozen Newfoundland and Labrador salmon. Her cargo was partly made up of returns of fresh salmon purchased from our Cartwright, Rigolet, and Frenchman's Island posts.

The district manager is visiting the Southern Labrador posts, having returned by M.S. *Fort Garry* from an inspection of the northern section.

The Fur Trade Commissioner paid us a visit, arriving here on July 16 and sailing for Labrador by the S.S. *Kyle* on August 1.

Mr. Stacpole, of the London office, was also a visitor during July.

James Ford, of the Ungava Bay section, who had spent the winter with his parents at St. John's, took passage by S.S. *Ungava* to take up his duties.

Mr. Heyes, of the Toronto fur purchasing agency, took passage from St. John's by the S.S. *Kyle* for Labrador posts on August 1.

Apprentice Clerks H. Allison and O. K. Langley passed through during July on their way to Montreal, having been transferred from this district.

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Obituary

S. M. WALKER

His many friends throughout the fur trade, and particularly in the East, will regret to learn of the death of S. M. Walker, at Victoria, on May 13. "Doc," as he was affectionately known to his associates and friends in Montreal, was born in 1857 and entered the service at Montreal in 1905. After having been attached to the Montreal office for over nineteen years, he retired in 1924 and went to reside in Victoria, B.C.

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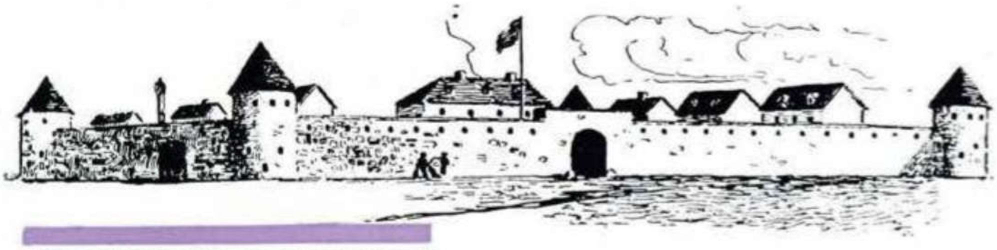

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Nicholas Garry
Deputy Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, 1822-1835.
Fort Garry was named in his honour.

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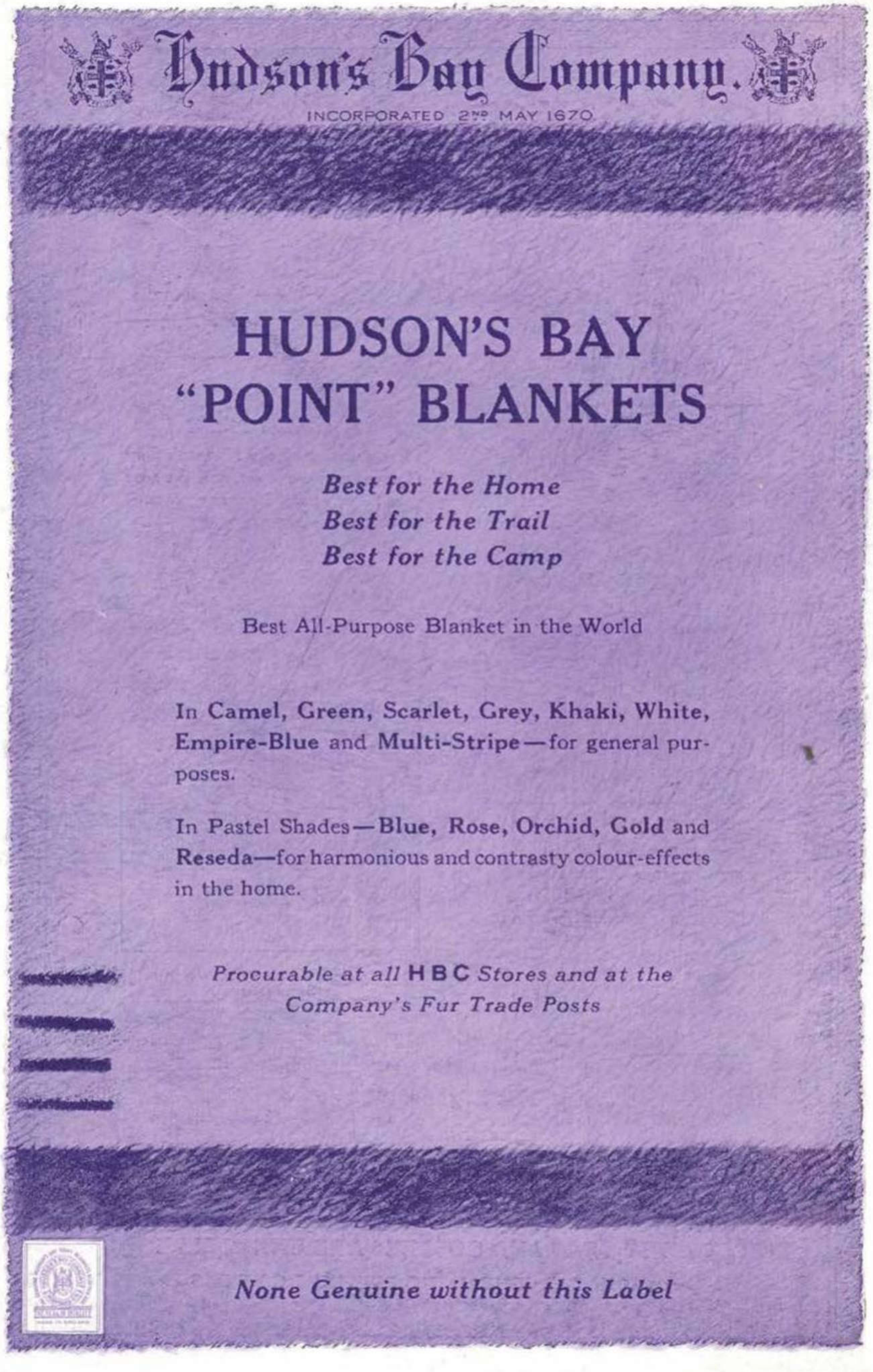

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